

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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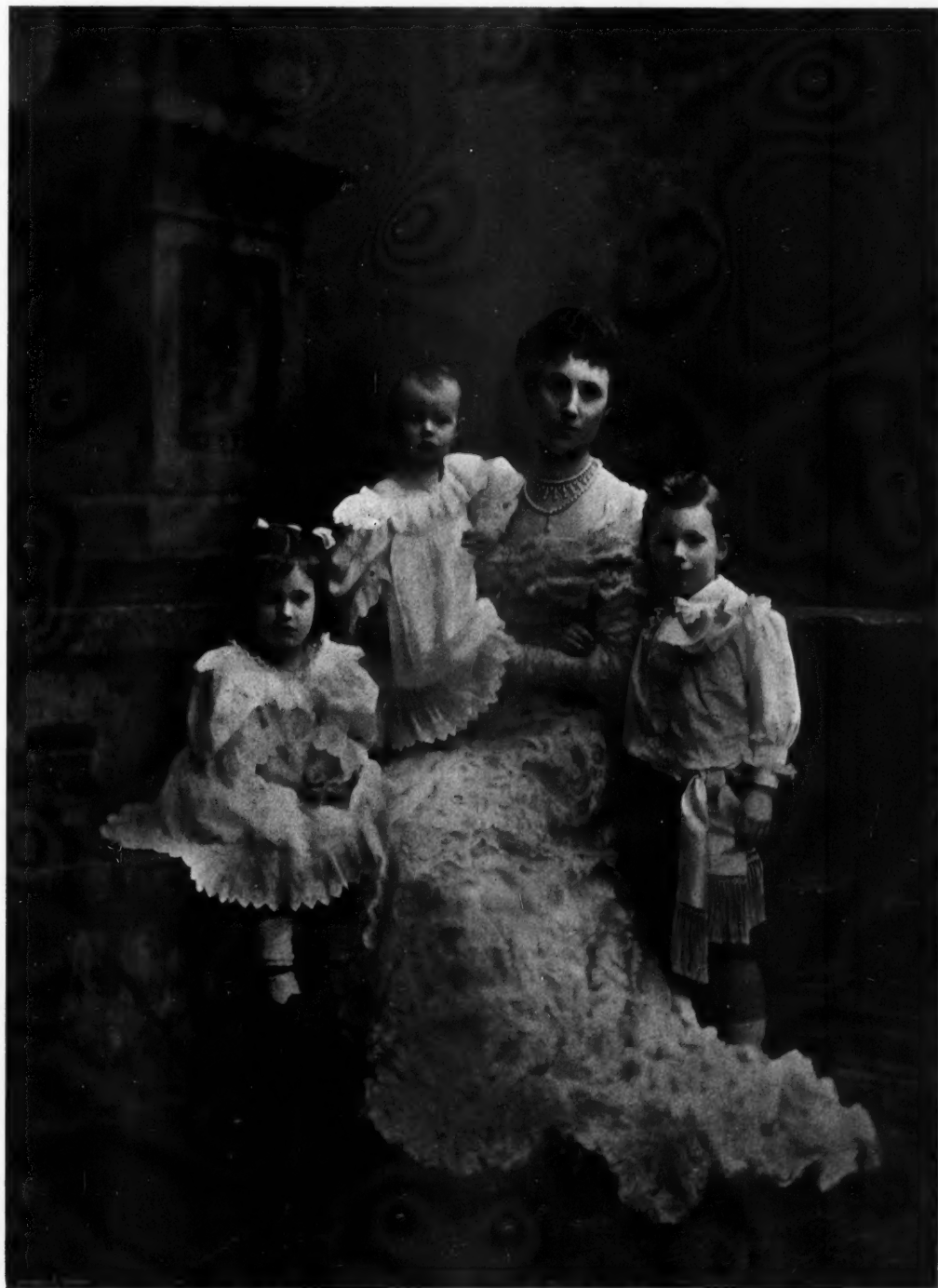


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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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SHOOTING THE RAIN-GOD

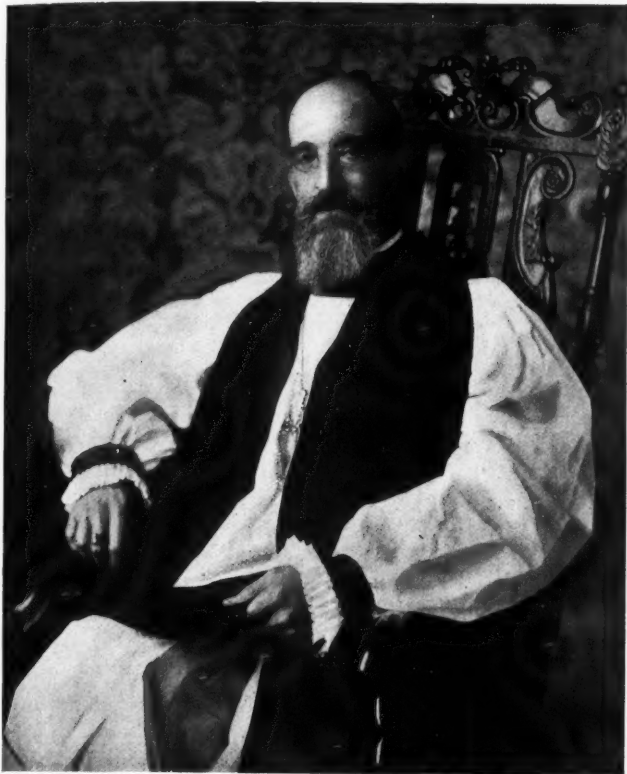
ONE of the "medicine-man's" important functions has ever of old been the making of rain. Now we, living in a land where the climate is what it is (there is no other adequate way of describing it), seldom feel the need of the rainmaker. More often it is for fine weather, than for rain, that our prayers are lifted. It happens, however, that our present knowledge of primitive man and opportunities of studying his little ways show him to us chiefly in the tropics, and in almost every case in countries where a lack of rain is more often a cause of suffering than its excess. Hence the medicine-man is generally found to direct his craft towards the production of rain rather than its cessation. He is the rainmaker. Yet ever, all through the ages, though in

a sense he is to be called the maker of the rain, it has been recognised that the medicine-man himself is not the ultimate cause in the business. His ministrations are generally turned towards bringing influence to bear on the deity who is conceived as having the rain in his keeping, and inducing him to pour it down through his sieve on the thirsty earth. This is the way in which savage man as a rule regards the affair, the rain, like all the phenomena of Nature, being a manifestation, in his view, of the action and presence of a special god or spirit. This god or spirit the medicine-man propitiates or threatens, as he thinks most prudent, and if he has luck and skill the rain comes as a consequence. Lately Lord Curzon, travelling in different parts of the famine-stricken India, has acquired great credit as a rain-making medicine-man, the rain, with rare consistency, having fallen almost immediately after his coming. Lord Curzon has always been a remarkable young man.

In Northern Italy, a mountainous country peculiarly adapted for the corking up of storms of great severity, the vines, on which a great part of the people practically rely for their existence, have been harassed, ever since vine-growing has been an historical industry, by the hail beating down and destroying the fruit in every stage of its formation. Within the last few years a bold inventor, braving the indifference and the ridicule that a novel device of the kind naturally must excite, has succeeded in convincing the vine-growers of that country of the value of shooting at the coming storms by way of dispelling them. It seems strangely like a return to the manner of the old animistic days. To us this latest development of practical science sounds like a vain thing, but to a Khond or a Dinka it would appear a very reasonable act—this shooting at the rain-god, provided you were strong enough to give him a fright. The machines used in attacking him are bell-mouthed cannon, described to be shaped very much like a phonograph. In all, there are said to be some four thousand of these storm cannon, some fixed and some movable, in the regions of Northern Italy and Styria. The only point in the whole affair that would perplex the Dinka or the Khond, is that the gunner fires at the storm with blank cartridge. It would surprise these good savages not a little that, having the ball or the shell that would be more likely to injure the rain-god, the white man did not use them. But the white man's ways are beyond calculation, and it seems that he relies, for the dispersion of the storm, on the action of the air rings, or vortices, which are formed by the cannon's discharge, and go on extending themselves through the air like the circles made by a stone thrown into a pool of water. At what range it is wise to shoot the storm cloud is not mentioned, except incidentally, and so far as is implied in the statement that the cloud is usually shot at an angle of 75deg. elevation of the cannon. A storm cloud is a bigger object and a steadier traveller than a jack-snipe. One ought not to miss. And as a matter of fact it seems that the gunner does not miss, that the cannon can be relied upon to disperse the storm or to make it fly another way. It is one of those inventions that sounds as fanciful as a fairy tale, yet proves of the most practical and assured value. Lately the Australian people, who seek to rival certain vine-growers of Europe in the wine they produce, and rival them, without seeking to, in the size of hailstones and frequency of hailstorms that afflict their vineyards, have been making strict enquiry into the storm shooting of Italy, by the medium of Mr. Clement Wragge, the director of the Brisbane weather bureau. There is nothing absolutely novel in the plan. For years it has been known that a waterspout could be dispelled by the firing of a cannon towards it; but it has needed the personal investigation of Mr. Wragge to convince the Antipodean mind that the plan is of utility on a large scale for the preservation of the vineyards. His present conviction is attested in his own words: "It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this unique new method."

They are heroic methods indeed with which to conjure the rain-god. Generally, through the world's history, men have approached him with propitiatory offerings and prayers. There is no phase in religious thought in which the prayer for rain has seemed out of place. The Khond's prayer is amongst the most naïve, as he points out to the rain-god that if he do not let down the water through his sieve the men and deer and grass will die, and then, when all are dead, what use his letting it down? So it has gone on, through the story of the classical Greeks and Romans, down to our own days, when we still have our set prayers for rain and fine weather, which we use with some hesitation, however, some sense that Nature is allowed to run her course without Divine intervention in this regard; the difficulty being pointed, moreover, by the fact that while one member of a congregation may desire rain for his root crop, another would like just another day or two of the fine weather to save his hay. The worst of it is that the rain is sent equally on the just and the unjust. We cannot all have the fine faith, almost we might say the fine presumption, of the Scotch minister indicating its duty to Almighty Wisdom, with his "Grant us the kindly rain to refresh the droughty land, always exceptin' on the standin' oats o' Jamie Gordon" (then in a kind of aside, as if meant for the

Divine ear alone), "the buddy, he should hae had them in this twa weeks!" To ride the whirlwind and direct the storm with this very nice attention to local exigencies is more than many of us dare expect as an answer to our prayers, but it hardly seems too much to hope from this new storm shooting invented in Northern Italy.



Elliott and Fry.

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THE RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D.

COUNTRY NOTES.

IN Dr. Creighton London has lost at all too early an age a prelate of exceptional individuality and power who seemed destined to an even higher place in the Church of England. Indeed, it is recorded in one of the thousand and one biographies of him, which his long illness permitted the writers to polish, that, when he was translated from Peterborough to London, a literary man in the North of England wrote, "In this case it simply means 'change here for Canterbury.'" But Dr. Creighton knew better, and commented thus: "Far more likely, with all the work before one, change for another world." So it has been, and so to one looking at the strong, rugged, just Archbishop of Canterbury it must have always seemed likely that it would be.

Combining the shrewdness of a typical North Countryman with deep and wide learning, Dr. Creighton would no doubt have succeeded in any walk of life. For ten years he was an admirable tutor at the pleasant college of Merton, from which his undergraduate honours were won. When he took to more active clerical work, he found time none the less to produce some very noteworthy historical books, and if he had remained at Peterborough he would no doubt have completed that history of the Papacy of which the five existing volumes are so worthy a monument. But to be an active Bishop of London and to write history was out of the question, and Lord Salisbury's letter offering the See of London was one which practically admitted of no refusal. So to London Dr. Creighton came to face a situation which was far from easy.

Dr. Temple, the most unostentatious of men and a hater of personal pomp, had been an admirable diocesan but socially inactive. Those who wished to see him had to journey down to the ancient Manor House at Fulham, and London House, in St. James's Square, was completely neglected. Dr. Creighton was to change all that, and to make London House a centre of diocesan and social activity. Then his consecration was marred by the proceedings of Mr. Kensit, whose methods are intolerable to all right-thinking persons, whatsoever may be their opinion of his views, and Mr. Kensit's proceedings were but a symptom of a state of things in the body ecclesiastical of London which called

for great tact in the incoming bishop. By the consent of all he showed such tact, and went through the ordeal with great success. Dr. Creighton, to sum him up, was learned above the common measure of men; shrewd, thorough, tactful, judicious, and as determined an enemy of shams and pretences as Dr. Temple himself. He was also a humorist, caustic but kindly, and as such he was often misunderstood simply because he was apt to estimate too generously the intellectual capacity of those whom he addressed.

Lord Randolph Churchill was one of the most distinguished of Creighton's pupils at Oxford, and he was wont to say: "If I have any intellectual power or taste at all, I owe it entirely to Creighton." This, of course, was not quite accurate. Lord Randolph's intellectual power was, like that of his tutor, native and inherent; but his taste was very largely directed by Creighton, who succeeded in inducing him to read a great many books and influenced him in the selection of them.

"The present operations resemble the chase of a hare by a bulldog." Thus vividly does one of the few war correspondents remaining at the front describe the state of things in South Africa. But the metaphor, or the simile, is imperfect. Your hare runs very swiftly, but is harmless as a dove when caught; moreover, she never, or very rarely, goes to earth. But our old friend "dirtee shirtee, goodee shot" (to quote "San Toy") is not disposed of simply by being overtaken, and there are earths, so numerous that they can hardly be stopped, in which he takes refuge. Far more apt would it have been to liken the present operations to the chase of a staunch and wily mountain fox by a scratch pack of dogs of all kinds, or by a bulldog. Even so the bulldog would wear him down, or, to put it more pompously, there is a process of attrition.

"A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse!" That, multiplied several thousandfold, is the cry from South Africa, and it is backed up by "Camp-follower," who, whatsoever his name may be, is held worthy of large print in the *Times*. Right nobly is that cry being answered not merely from England, where we seem to have little but heavy cavalry at our disposal, but also from the Colonies. Their loyalty was no flash in the pan; it has proved itself a flame of steady and unquenchable fire, and it is the more grateful when we remember, simply because it would not be fair to forget, that really tremendous blunder involved in the request which ended "Unmounted men preferred." Beyond this it is growing abundantly clear that our troops in South Africa are, in many cases, getting stale and weary of the work, and that some change of regiments, from India to Africa, and from Africa to India, would be distinctly advantageous.

We have had to extract a good deal of the poor kind of consolation derived from thinking that good may come out of evil in course of the unfortunate Boer War, and some lively consolation of the like kind is to be found in the outcome of what we may probably regard as the futile Boer raids into Cape Colony. Not only have they proved to us that the Dutch colonist is shrewd enough not to stake his life and property in a desperate cause, but they have at once roused all the loyal men in the Colony to the necessity of active work in their own defence, and have taken from Boer sympathisers in Europe any ground for raising a pitiful cry that we are oppressing a foe who is no longer dangerous. In spite of some terrific head-lines, the best-informed, and those who have most lately returned from South Africa, do not seem to apprehend any serious results from the raids into the Colony, that is in the main loyal.

There is nothing like modesty in this world. In the *Daily News* we read: "The *Twentieth Century*, the new monthly review, which, in securing this title, left the proprietors of the *Nineteenth Century* without the choice of its name, has appeared. It need not make the *Nineteenth Century* and *After* tremble. . . . In the political symposium Mr. Clayden, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. A. E. Newman, and Mr. J. C. Haig certainly supply diversity of view and interest their readers." Now we understand the present acting-editor of the *Daily News* to be Mr. P. W. Clayden of the Forward Party, and it is to be presumed that he is one of those who join in the symposium, although, having regard to the meaning of the word, we should not have thought it of him. If that be so, the first sentence is either a piece of mock modesty or an unkind cut by some member of the staff of the *Daily News* at the expense of his chief.

The harvest of the sea, which costs little or nothing in the cultivation, but, as the Scottish song has it, "Lives of men" in the gathering, is always interesting. That of 1900 was less in point of quantity by 2,000 cwt. than that of 1899, but greater in value, that is to say in price obtained, by £270,000. In oysters and in lobsters there was a falling off of 1,237,000 and 136,000; and the value of the whole crop, including shellfish, was all but £7,000,000.

These figures are worthy of some thought, for their magnitude, when they are surveyed as a whole, compels us to realise the very great importance of the fishing industry, and the paramount necessity of paying to it all possible attention.

We hear stories of the depopulation of some of the Northern fishing villages, on the East Coast of Scotland notably, on account of the constantly decreasing returns of the fishery. The herring fishery no doubt is the staple industry of these East Coast fishers, as well as of many others who come to the East Coast in the season from all parts of the mainland, and even from Skye and the Western Islands, and it is a grave matter primarily for them, and secondarily for all of us, if there is to be any serious failure in this great source of our fish supply. Unfortunately, in spite of zealous endeavours, our knowledge of deep-sea fish and their ways of life is all too meagre to give us any reason to think that we can give any help to the decreasing population of herring in the North Sea—the principal fishing ground. We cannot claim even any adequate knowledge of the cause of the decrease. Icebergs, trawling, and overnetting are accused with something like equal freedom and equal impossibility of proof. Just lately some miraculous draughts have been taken off Plymouth; herrings have been selling at seven a penny in the street, and special trains have been carrying the fish to London and other selling and curing centres. All along the South-Western Coast it has been the same, the still frosty weather being equally favourable for herrings and for London fog. But a few catches like these, and some on something like the same scale earlier in the season off the Shetlands, do not make up for a failure in the steady supply of former years.

On the principle that a reformed rake is commonly supposed to make the best husband, a convicted poacher is often said to make the best gamekeeper, and similarly, there is no doubt that a depraved keeper has the finest possible opportunities for successful poaching. Perhaps it was with some such idea as this in their minds that two keepers in the service of Lord Zetland were lately caught trespassing in pursuit of game on a neighbouring farm. Some nets and nine rabbits were taken on them when apprehended, and it appears that the case against the two men was clear, for both were convicted, and one—no less than the head-keeper—was fined £10 or two months, and the other, his subordinate, £5 and a month. Keepers often fall under the suspicion of robbing their own masters, but a case in which they are found trespassing off their master's property in pursuit of game, which we gather to have occurred in the instance in point, is surely most unusual. It almost raises the suspicion of some underlying motive that did not appear in the evidence.

Long after our article of last week on "The Tay Autumnal Rod-fishing" was written, but not long before it was published, the Secretary of State for Scotland made an important change, which goes some way to meet the views expressed by the writer. The nets are not to come off a fortnight, or even a week, earlier, as he suggested; but they are to be taken off on August 21st instead of the 26th, and that is something to the good.

During the "snap," as it is the habit to call it, of severe cold, the motor-car revealed its possession of a virtue that was rather a surprise to those who do not know the machine intimately. It proved itself astonishingly sure-footed or sure-wheeled, even on the most slippery asphalt or wood pavement, or even on sheets of ice. Reports from Paris say that this was even more marked there than in London, because of the far greater number of the automobiles, and the perhaps greater slipperiness of the streets. At all events, in both capitals the motor had the laugh of omnibuses and cabs, for while the horses of these were slipping and sliding in all directions but the right one, the oft-derided motor went gaily on its way without the slightest trouble. Paris and New York, they say, have motor fire-engines, which possess the great essential of speedy locomotion in all weathers, and arrive on the scene of action quicker than the horse-drawn engines. It seems inevitable that we must follow their example, no less for the sake of economy than of speed.

The island of St. Christopher, or Kitts, best known to most of us from the stamp-albums of our boyhood, is suffering much affliction from a plague of grasshoppers, and a great reward would be his portion who should devise a means of ridding it of the pest. The experience of the United States in introducing the English sparrow, which has replenished the northern continent to the partial expulsion of some more attractive native birds, and to the destruction of much fruit and corn, does not encourage the islanders to favour the importation of any insectivorous creatures to eat the grasshopper. On the other hand, a kind of ladybird was introduced to California with excellent results to eat the "scale bug," as the disease afflicting the orange trees was inelegantly called. Meanwhile St. Kitts awaits its deliverance.

In spite of the immense numbers of athletic young Englishmen who are still in South Africa, it is curious, glancing over the names of those who are indulging in tobogganing, skating, curling, and the rest of the icy amusements at Davos and St. Moritz, to notice the extraordinary preponderance of British names over any others. Curling, of course, would not be very likely to attract many who are not Britons, but it is singular that Anglo-Saxons should be so greatly in the majority on the toboggans. It is necessary to say Anglo-Saxon, for we do not know how many of the names may be Americans. Mr. Edgington, the speediest of the British skaters, has hurt his ankle at football, and Captain Wynyard, the cricketer, is suffering from an injured knee.

The *Spectator* does public service, by no means for the first time, when it publishes the noble and prayerful passage which concluded the will of that really great and good man, Sir Henry Acland: "And now with a deep sense of the mercy and goodness of God to me and mine through parents, children, and friends, and by the saintly life of my dear wife gone before, I commit my soul to my heavenly Father in the faith and love of Christ, and hope for forgiveness of my shortcomings in my holy profession, and I pray that the faithful study of all nature may, in Oxford and elsewhere, lead men to the knowledge and love of God, to faith and to charity, and to the further prevention and relief of the bodily and mental sufferings of all races of mankind." Upon these lines follow an article, half playful and half serious, but wholly excellent, on the degeneracy of wills, with many illustrative anecdotes. But, methinks, the *Spectator* betrays some want of experience in saying that the ceremonial of "reading the will" (which is so very useful to the novelist) is now almost obsolete. The writer has been present at such ceremonials, in quite respectable strata of society, both often and recently. They are sometimes a severe test of good manners, and sometimes supremely ridiculous. Once he felt that his chagrin at not receiving a legacy, which had been definitely promised, was more than compensated for by a condition that his particular Jacob should assume the name and arms of Jenkins.

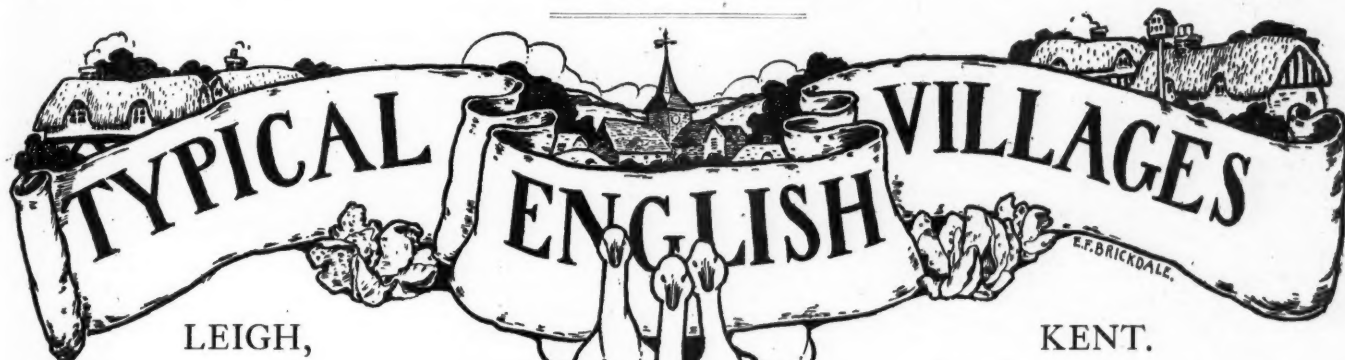
A correspondent writes: "Considerable surprise has been expressed that the beaters on the estates of Major-General Sir H. P. Ewart, Crown Equerry, of Felix Hall, Kelvedon, Essex, should have gone out on strike, and more than one of the anti-sporting and ultra-Radical journals, commenting upon the incident, declare this to be the first time 'a lock-out of beaters,' as one writer playfully terms it, has ever occurred in this country. Yet another scribe holding similar views insinuates that the beaters in question must have been extremely harshly treated to have gone so far as to turn from beating to striking. With due deference to the writers in the journals in question, all this is great rubbish. Beaters have refused to work before now, often and often. No less than four cases of the sort have come under my own notice within the last few years, and, oddly enough, on every occasion the beaters who thus struck were men unusually well paid and well treated. Indeed, upon the very last occasion of the sort that came under my notice, I remember that our host ordered all his beaters to stand in a row before him, and then proceeded to ask them plainly what it was they had to complain about, and what it was they wanted. Several shame-faced young fellows at once expressed more or less silly demands, but the climax was reached when an overfed-looking yokel rolled up to our host, and with his hands in his pockets, and his paunch stuck well out, declared with much dramatic action that if he and his mates 'was going to be given sandwiches for lunch what had nought o' mustard in 'em and nought else nor grizzle,' he was 'durned if he would work for such a durned shabby wage, so yelp 'im.' All the same, our experience is that the best cure for paucity of beaters is a reputation for giving good luncheon. A full stomach covereth a poor wage."

We note with some concern in an issue of the *Westminster Gazette* that, for the first time on record, the New Year was rung in on the church bells at Bradfield by a team of lady ringers. Well, Bradfield has always been a whimsical place ever since the days of Tom Stephens, founder of the college, who used to refer his assistant-masters to the Nicene Creed when they wanted their salaries. So it may be appropriate that the century "which is to be marked by the advance of Woman" should be rung in by a team of women. But the advance of Woman apart, we have an objection to urge on the score of safety. Years ago, as we remember, one who is now a dignitary of the Church returned to school with certain abrasions about his neck and throat, which provoked unkind references to the late lamented Mr. Calcraft. He had tried to ring one of the bells in his father's church, and had been carried up towards the ceiling with the rope neatly looped round his neck. Whether he now belongs to the great army of campanologists we know not; but bell-ringing is really a dangerous game to the player, and sometimes exasperating to the unwilling listener. The writer lives sometimes in a village

where it flourishes, and words cannot do justice to the "village bells ringing" when one has a headache. There is no refuge save in flight.

Aliquando dormitat Homerus. Homer sometimes nods, and the *Spectator* sometimes makes mistakes, which, since they are as spots on the sun, it is not spiteful to indicate. In a charming article on the Norfolk partridge, and other things, we learn that "this county is also the native home of the wild pheasant, which would exist were there no eggs taken up and none of the present immense apparatus for rearing artificially." Norfolk, of course, is not the native home of the wild pheasant any more than it is the native home of the French partridge,

although it is the native home of every pheasant which happens to be born within its boundaries. If by native the writer means original then he might have quoted half-a-dozen Eastern Counties, for our wild pheasants are a mixture of many strains, of which the first was, in all probability, imported by the Romans. That, there is no doubt, the writer knows as well as we do. Then comes the question what he does mean, and we can but conjecture that he means that the wild pheasant thrives very well in Norfolk. But, give him half a chance, he thrives just as well in other counties which could be named; and of course, *quà* wild pheasant, he would increase and multiply more if the eggs of his numerous wives were not collected for conversion into hand-reared pheasants.



LEIGH,

KENT.

THE unwary man, unfortunate enough not to know Kent, the garden of England, looking at the map and seeing the name of Leigh, will be apt on enquiry to be sent to that place made famous by the three old maids—that is to say, Lee, also in Kent, close to Blackheath. The trouble is that the unwary, knowing of Amyas Leigh, of Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh, and other great people who have made a noise in the world of fiction or of fact, will naturally imagine that Leigh is the name of a place pronounced like that in which we may presume that the three old maids continue to sojourn. But since it is obviously confusing that two villages in Kent, not so very far from each other, should bear one and the same name, the Kentish wise custom is to pronounce the name of Leigh Village as if it were that thing that George Washington could not tell. It is pronounced as if it were spelt "Lie," and if you begin asking, as you cycle along, for Leigh, pronounced like the surname of Amyas, you will be sent to quite a different place, in the society of those three unwedded Graces. Possibly it would be a pleasant society, but certainly it could hardly make up to you for the loss of all the beauties of Leigh pronounced Lie.

This Leigh is, in truth, a very perfect little village. It is perfect for one thing, in that it is small. You go down the village street, and so doing you have seen all of it, and this, we take it, is as it ought to be with an English village. Supposing that you go into it from the Penshurst and Chiddingstone direction—what a country of beautiful villages all this is, in the garden of England—you will begin with a copper beech striking a good note among the varied foliage that looks out over the road from the park of Hall Place. This Hall Place is now the residence of Mr. Hope Morley. It was bought by the late Mr. Samuel Morley, father of the present owner, from "the old Squire Baily" as the villagers speak

of him. They speak of "old Squire Baily" with the affection that these people of fine Conservative instinct (no matter how they vote) always feel for what is old and familiar. It is an instinctive sentiment with them. But the real fairy godmother, as it were, of the village, the practical creator of the present village, he who made it what it is, was the late Mr. Samuel Morley, and of him and his works on their behalf the villagers speak with the deepest affection and gratitude. It is not an old village. That is, indeed, one of its merits, as an object-lesson, that it is such a striking instance of the modern-made beautiful imitations of the half-timbered Sussex cottage that really leave nothing, except antiquity, to be desired. And if it came to a matter of living in them it would probably be found that the absent antiquity would not be in the least regretted, for no doubt the antique did not err

in any excess of sanitation or ventilation.

Mostly the houses lie on the right-hand side as you go through the village from the Penshurst direction, the park of Hall Place lying on the left. You can hardly see over into the park, which is beautiful and well stocked with deer. The cottages, as indicated, are in the half-timbered fashion. They chiefly seem to be built on that "L" plan which saves so much room by getting the stairway in the middle of the house; but a chief merit of the village, as a whole, is that while all the cottages are beautiful there is a variety in their style of beauty, so that the eye



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IN THE VILLAGE STREET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is not wearied with monotonous effects, neither is it vexed with troublesome changes; there is variety, and yet the whole is a harmony.

The designs, we are told, have been by more than one hand, and perhaps we see the effect in the variety which is achieved without discord. There is the beauty of the thatched roof beside the tile and the slate. Old oak is employed everywhere, with its usual excellent effect. The butcher's shop, with its oaken

pillars supporting a gable with latticed windows, is very attractive, and just past the butcher's shop a charming row of these so-called, but too humbly called, cottages lies back so as to form, with the cottages running out to the road at either end of the row, three sides of a quadrangle. Then there is the village pump, under a dovecote-like roof that has much beauty. But somewhere there is an engine with which the water is pumped up from a very good well sunk by the late Mr. Morley to a level from which it supplies automatically both his own home and all

still, the cottages are cottage homes, although more comfortable than most cottages. Situated as Leigh is, in "the Garden of England," in the county of Kent, not far from Tonbridge, and near those beautiful villages that have much of the really antique to show, Penshurst and Chiddingstone, it could not fail to have a soil in which all the creations of Flora flourish. Every advantage has been taken of this kindly favour in the climbing things that grow up every cottage wall, in the yew hedge, and the trimmed box tree. Nearly every cottage has its own little lawn of mown grass.

And with it all, though it is a show village, everything is very simple. I imagine that Penshurst Station is the nearest to it, and that is not too near. It lies in a country that defies the cyclist, or at least has no great attractions for him, by reason of its fearful and continual gradients. Yet for the cyclist of reasonably contemplative and appreciative mind it has perhaps no fewer charms because he has perforce to go slowly enough to give himself time to admire; and for him, too, none the less charm because of the little attraction it offers to the "scorcher." From Leigh to Penshurst is a beautiful ride of three miles, with the lovely park of Penshurst Place on the left hand. This is not the road to Penshurst Station, however, for there is a long interval between Penshurst Place and village and the railway station of Penshurst—as there ought to be. One would say, not



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AGED POPLARS—NEW COTTAGES.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the village, the blessed inhabitants having water laid on to their houses.

Here, in the course of this single village street, and for the most part on one side of it only, there appears to be all the heart of villager can conceive as essential to its happiness. There is "the shop" in which you can buy everything, from pantaloons to postage stamps, for here, too, is the post-office. There is a fire brigade, with a red lamp at its station, there is a reading-room, there is a cricket ground, with a nice little pavilion, a great big oak at one end of the ground, a seat round the trunk of the oak, and an old man in a white hat sitting on the seat. And the late Mr. Morley made it all, except perhaps the old oak and the old man. The church lies back a little, on the opposite side of the street to that on which most things lie. And the merit of the whole, as we may repeat, is that it is so new. This is something in the nature of a paradox. "There is a beauty in extreme old age," as the comic singer hath it; we cannot expect in the new building the tumbling wall and the cracked gable of the building that is falling into ruin. The architecture of Leigh does not lend itself at all to this pleasant prospect of decay. But it contradicts emphatically the theory that is nearly universal, if not universally acknowledged, that all that is new is ugly, and only the old can be beautiful. If a proprietor, intent on the building or embellishment of a modern village, wishes to see a model of the *utile* in unison

with the *dulce*, a combination of sweetness and light, he cannot do much better than take Leigh for that model. It is very complete, and yet it does not have that effect of being overdone that we have seen on a certain property that we wot of, where the pigs have electric light in their sty, and the troughs roll out of sight as soon as the creatures have done feeding, so that they never have the pleasure of grouting with their feet in the trough, and are altogether the cleanest and most miserable pigs alive. There is none of this spirit. The village is a village

having tried it, that the way to become possessor of a contented mind is to become a villager of Leigh.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A HIT, a hit, a palpable hit," is the verdict of the public concerning those extracts from the *Times* of a hundred years ago with which the *Times* of these days is ushering in the century. Less important, but more interesting, are the extracts from contem-

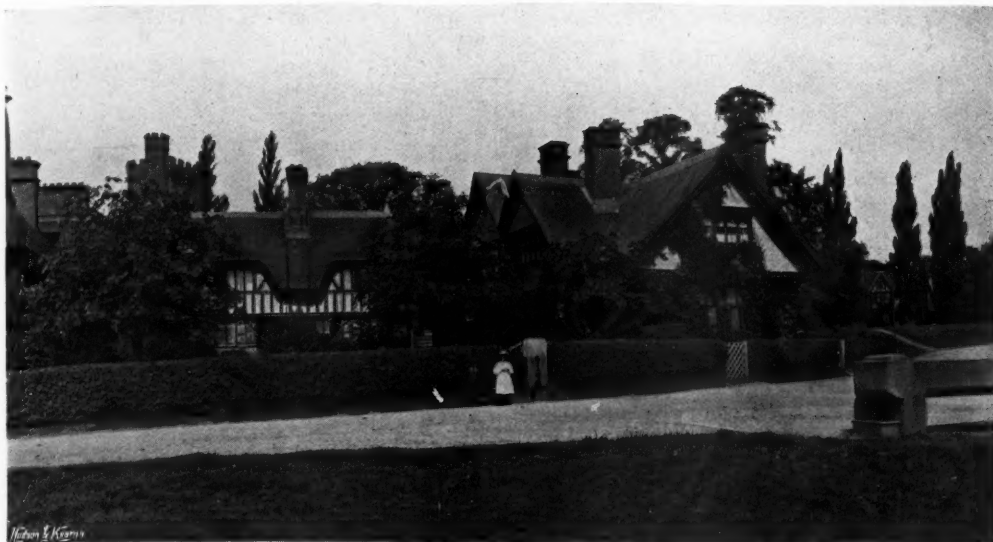


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MODERN, BUT NICE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

porary reviews of masterpieces, as we deem them now, printed by *Literature*. They have the further merit of making cheap and easy "copy" for Literature and for me; for, justly particular as the authorities at Printing House Square are concerning questions of copyright, they would be the last to complain of one who borrows, with admiring acknowledgment, the copies which they have made with laborious care. A great deal of quiet entertainment is to be obtained by going through these ancient reviews and trying to put oneself in their place and in their time. What did we ourselves think of this book or of that, when we formed a first, an honest, and an unprejudiced view? For my part, I can remember my own impressions,



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A VILLAGE WELL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which were certainly unprejudiced save by a constitutional independence which amounted to instinctive mistrust of authority.

To Wordsworth's "Excursion" I was introduced for the first time and the last at the ripe age of ten. It produced in me not the feeling of ridicule and disgust of which Jeffreys spoke in the *Edinburgh*, but a weariness of which the memory remains. On the other hand, I question whether I could ever have written so narrowly as John Wilson Croker did of "Endymion," when he described Keats as a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but "more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype." But, frankly, I am not so sure that I should have formed a better judgment than the *Athenaeum* of 1837 of Carlyle's "French Revolution." Here is the contemporary verdict: "Originality of thought is unquestionably the best excuse for writing a book; originality of style is a rare and a refreshing merit; but it is paying rather dear for one's whistle to qualify for obtaining it in the University of Bedlam. Originality without justness of thought is but a novelty of error; and originality of style without sound taste and discretion is sheer affectation. Thus, as ever, the *corruptio optimi* turns out to be *pessima*; the abortive attempt to be more than nature has made us, and to add a cult to our stature, ends by placing us below what we might be, if contented with being simply and unaffectedly ourselves. There is not, perhaps, a more decided mark of the decadence of literature than the frequency of such extravagance. The applicability of these remarks to the History of the French Revolution, now before us, will be understood by such of our readers as are familiar with Mr. Carlyle's contributions to our periodical literature. But it is one thing to put forth a few pages of quaintness, neologism, and a whimsical coxcombry; and another to carry such questionable qualities through three long volumes of misplaced persiflage and flippant pseudo-philosophy. To such a pitch of extravagance and absurdity are these peculiarities exalted in the volumes before us that we should pass them over in silence, as altogether unworthy of criticism, if we did not know that the rage for German literature may bring such writing into fashion with the ardent and unreflecting."

At that I, for one, dare not laugh, since I well remember the impression produced upon my mind, by a first perusal of "The French Revolution," when I was about seventeen, at a public school. There were grand passages which appealed to me; there were others which were a complete puzzle; and the extravagance, the scintillation, the hysteria, and the affectation—as they then seemed to me—of the style of the sage of Chelsea were repellent and irritating. I got the better of this feeling later; so, no doubt, did the *Athenaeum's* reviewer; but what one has to imagine in order to do justice is the effect which a first reading would produce upon an unprejudiced mind not fettered by the tradition of the elders; and, on the whole, the result of the extracts, combined with a knowledge of how difficult the modern reviewer finds it to discover talent—Anthony Hope, for example, wrote many books before Mr. Andrew Lang made his famous speech about "Zenda"—is to raise our admiration for our predecessors.

If the *Athenaeum* was not equal to Carlyle, it could recognise "really first-rate poetical genius" in Tennyson's "Timbuctoo," prize poem at Cambridge though it were; and if Christopher North wrote disparaging nonsense about "Poems chiefly Lyrical," in a tone from which our present Laureate may take comfort, it was in revolt against the general view. George Henry Lewes in *Fraser's Magazine* recognised the sterling merit of "Jane Eyre," and if the *Times* was severe about "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," where Thackeray was certainly not at his best, it could recognise the "broad sympathy and large tolerance, combined with rich reflection and polished style, of "Mr." George Eliot's "Adam Bede"; and the *Saturday Review*, never famous for lenient judgments, but living up to its pet name of the "Saturday Reviler," had the sense to find originality and charm in "The Shaving of Shagpat."

But the most delicious piece of the whole is the serious reply made by William Roberts, in the *British Review*, in a so-called criticism of "Don Juan," to Byron's famous lines beginning

"For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British."

For enjoyment of that, in fairness to *Literature*, the reader ought to be left to *Literature* itself, and he or she will not begrudge the sixpence thus spent, for these extracts are a possession for ever, and the thought of giving them to the public was unquestionably happy.

Out of one of these old reviews and sundry notes on other things in the same paper flows a suggestive train of thought. The *Spectator*, criticising "Martin Chuzzlewit" in 1843, pointed out (as I have often done) the evils of serial publication, to wit, that every instalment must be written to tell, so that the work as a whole suffers. But the evil, then as now, was more than atoned for,

from the author's point of view, by the price of the serial rights. Mr. George Smith's article in *Cornhill* shows that Thackeray got £25 per thousand words, that Trollope's price was £2,000 for a serial, and that George Eliot actually got £7,000 for "Romola." Of this *Literature* says that, in the matter of serial rights, "the successful authors of the sixties did far better than those of the nineties." But is the writer of the paragraph quite certain on this point? My impression is that Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Humphry Ward have received some startling prices in the United States. Moreover, Mr. Kipling and George Eliot have had an experience in common; they have been asked to alter. George Eliot might have had £10,000, not £7,000, if she had consented to certain conditions as to the instalments of "Romola." Mr. Kipling, it has been said, ingeniously and perhaps truthfully, once received a telegram from the editor of — (name forgotten, but it was something domestic and American), "You have made hero toss off a bumper of Burgundy; please alter, remembering that the

— (name forgotten again, but still essentially domestic and American) "cannot countenance alcoholic beverages." The reply was instant, "Substitute, Mellin's Food!"

Let one merit of these little notes should escape observation it is proclaimed. They are unique in containing no mention save this of the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," which ought to be as much "taboo" by this time as the Dreyfus case, or the like question as to Junius. Only when the clever writer of "Literary Gossip" in the *Outlook* says he knows, and that he came by the knowledge honestly, that he is under no pledge not to divulge it, but that he will not, I say "Credat Judeus." Any of us could say as much as that, just as any of us could carry on a monologue in Chinese if nobody else who knew Chinese happened to be present.

Books to order from the library:

- "The Wastrel." Mary A. Dickens. (Hutchinson.)
- "In the South Seas." R. L. Stevenson. (Chatto.)
- "Under England's Flag—1804 to 1809." Captain Charles Boothby. R.E. (Black.)
- "A Missing Hero." Mrs. Alexander. (Chatto.)
- "The Goblin." C. and F. Foster. (Wells Gardner.)
- "A Princess of Arcady." Arthur Henry. (Murray.)

LOOKER-ON.

Our Portrait Illustration.

LADY DIGBY, whose portrait, together with those of her three charming children, appears on our front page, is the wife of the tenth Baron Digby, of Minterne House, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, and of Geashill, King's County, Ireland, a nobleman who has seen some active service as a Guardsman. She is the daughter of the Hon. Albert Hood, brother of the present Viscount Hood, and her mother was the only daughter of Mr. Thomas Wynn Hornby, of the Hook, Fareham.

A DÉFENSE OF . .
(MINOR) POESIE.

AFTER the war, according to the Prime Minister, there will come a period of reaction and repose which is to be "specially favourable for the cultivation and flourishing of all the arts." Taking time by the forelock, some enterprising person is issuing a magazine for minor poets. Possibly you will deny that minor poetry is an art. If it be a trade, it is a poor one for the tradesman's pocket. But wait until the *Thrush* is in full song. Then need no minor poet lack a dinner. There will be a market ever open for his wares. For the modest sum of fourpence *per mensem* you shall cull the latest posies from Parnassus' slopes, all hot from the press, all palpitating with poetic passion, with perhaps an "extra special" halfway through the month to keep the nosegay up to date.

The only wonder is that no enterprising person has done it before. We all have the gift of Mr. Wegg nowadays. We drop into poetry at a moment's notice. Verse-making is, in fact, the universal safety-valve. Many a young man of exemplary conduct is a devil of a fellow in his poems. Young women who bridle with virtuous indignation at the proffered arm of an omnibus conductor (and really getting off an omnibus is less

easy than it looks) write in a Sapphic, sometimes in an Aphra-Behn-ic strain, which makes even bookmakers blush. One of the late T. E. Brown's Manx characters put this view of the matter very neatly. Addressing the "gentlemen who write as if they'd been in fearful places," he remarked with great truth and ingenuity that

"at times your best friends wouldn't swear
You are the steady gentlemen you are."

So effectual, indeed, is this same verse-making as a purge of all base humours, that if we could only induce the Hooligans to compose epics on the subject of Dick Turpin or the Mohawks, they would cease from troubling forthwith. It is a comforting thought that the artless rhyme you find in your evening paper has saved a fellow-creature from sin. It goes far to reconcile one to the existence of the Bodley Head to realise that each of its pretty, tedious booklets of verse represents so much actual wickedness nipped in the bud. No doubt the *Thrush* is the organ of some social reformer. Should it succeed, the Government will certainly be asked for a subvention, and half the annual Police Vote will go to the starting of competitors.

Ruskin missed this side of the question altogether when, in an explosive note to "Modern Painters," he devoted the minor poet to the Infernal Shades. Looking at it from the point of view of the reader, Ruskin was right when he declared that "all inferior poetry is an injury to the good, inasmuch as it takes away the freshness of rhymes, blunders upon and gives a wretched commonalty to good thoughts; and in general adds to the weight of human weariness in a most woful and culpable manner." The conclusion of the whole matter for him was that it is a literary misdemeanour in any person to encumber us with inferior work. This assumed, however, and here was its fallacy, that minor poetry found readers. It may have done so in his day, but does anyone now read verse at all, except perhaps the "occ. poets" in the daily journals? Why, then, publish them if no one reads your efforts? Because, to have a useful effect, the effort must be published. To write yourself down a devil of a fellow, and keep your manuscript in a drawer, would be as poor sport as dressing-up with no one to look on and applaud. Cowper must have had a glimmering of the social value of verse-composition when he advised Mr. William Churchy to publish, and extended his counsel to "every man who can afford to be a loser, if that should happen, by his publication." "If that should

happen." What delicate irony! Propose to a publisher to print your verses at his own expense, and you will appreciate its force. "I know well," Cowper continued, "that publication is necessary to give an edge to the poetical turn, and that what we produce in the closet is never a vigorous birth if we intend it should die there." This is the true minor poet's creed. Not he the lark which sings "because it must." He sings because he has set his mind upon it, and must tell the world what a fine creature he is, and what strange fancies fill his uncommon mind.

For the lover of poetry, who with Ruskin admits two orders of poets (creative and reflective), but no third, the *Thrush*, I fear, will merely add to the dead-weight of still-born printed matter which nowadays chokes up the channels of intellect and taste. For how can a magazine expect to find enough good poetry to fill even a page every month? If all the pens that ever poets held were at work in the world at this moment, even they could scarce suffice for the punctual delivery of a magazine full of good poetry twelve times a year. Consider the rate at which great poets worked, and the pathetic absurdity of the venture becomes at once apparent. Even if you could persuade Homer and Milton to contribute "Paradise Lost" and the Iliad as serials, they would have to be worried for their monthly instalments, and these would not come near to filling up all your space. But put aside the point of view of the reader. Regard the *Thrush* as a means for the prevention of crime, and think what a beneficent work it will accomplish. Into its pages will flow in the shape of yearnings and spurnings, and longings and wrongings, a considerable share of the instinct for evil-doing distributed amongst us. Think how many youths will wear the white flower of a blameless life, with the help of a monthly effort to be Baudelairean or De Musset-ish, who might otherwise be wrenching off door-knockers and engaging in the up-to-date equivalent (whatever it is) for beating the watch. Consider the number of modern maids whom an occasional exercise in sonnetteering from the Portuguese will keep within the bounds of modesty and decorum. The *Thrush* may almost sing the world back into a state of primeval innocence—of deed if not of imagination. Who would suspect what potency of good lies in fourpennyworth of "hitherto unpublished poetry"? Contemplation of its opportunities for bettering the world cannot but fill us with a glow of gratitude. It ought almost to persuade us to read it.

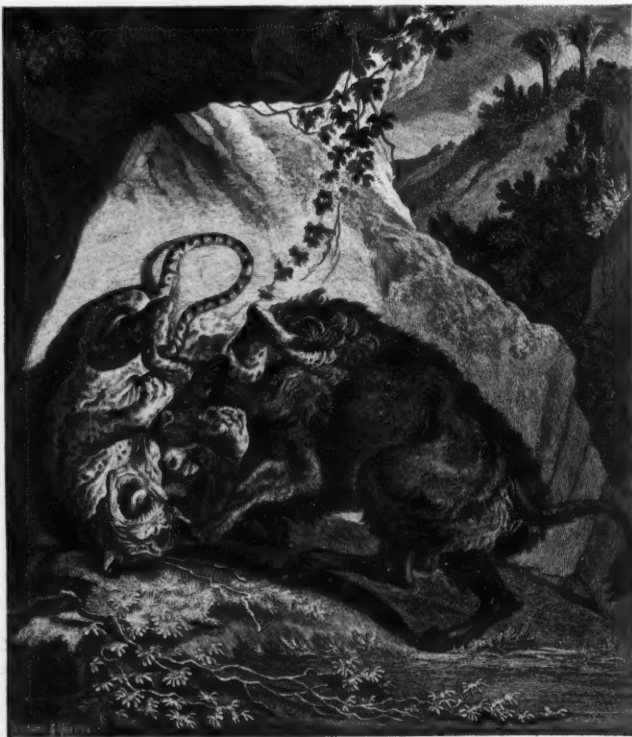
H. HAMILTON FYFE.

SPORT TWO CENTURIES AGO.—II.

NOW and again Ridinger's prolific pencil strayed beyond the possible. Our first illustration to-day, which represents a mortal struggle between an aurochs and a tiger, can be cited as one of these instances, for, of course, these two beasts never inhabited the same region, and, while it is not impossible that such an occurrence could have taken place in a park or in some zoological gardens, it is extremely unlikely that any such risks should have been run. There is a good deal of life and spirit about this engraving, which formed one of a series of eight which Ridinger called "Combats Between Savage Animals," and as we know that several aurochs were imported into Central Europe in his time, and the tiger was even better known, it is probable that Ridinger drew from life.

With America, as a far-off and little-known country, good, gentle old Ridinger takes similar liberties. The most amusing is shown in one of the plates illustrating the chase in the four quarters of the globe. The one treating of America shows us a "great, big" elephant in the act of being attacked by natives armed with spears and arrows! Another picture, dealing with the *fera natura* of America, is Fig. 2, which, we are told by the legend, represents the American bison fighting off three bears. The facial expression of the unfortunate Bruin who has got under the hoofs of the valiant bison, is highly amusing.

Another series of interest to the sportsman is "Game Animals that are Hunted and Their Tracks." The pictures, twenty-three in number, are very spiritedly-drawn representations of the various species of game animals then still to be found in the German forests, or in regions visited by sportsmen. The series begins with the lion and tiger, followed by the bear, stag, red-deer hind, wild boar, fallow-buck, wolf, roe-buck, lynx, ibex, chamois, hare, fox, beaver, otter, badger, wild cat, marten, and weasel. Underneath each picture, occupying almost a third of the space which the picture does, Ridinger gives the carefully-drawn track. In some cases he drew the impression left in soft, as well as on hard, ground; in others he differentiates between the tracks made by the animal when walking undisturbed and when in full flight. Fig. 3 is one of this set, and shows the Alpine ibex and its two tracks. The ibex, on the whole, is fairly correctly drawn; one detail, however, betrays that Ridinger probably had not a pure-bred, but a cross, as his model. It is the beard, of which the true Alpine ibex has but a faint trace. Ridinger can never have been in the high Alps, for his chamois—of which, of course, he could have obtained good views far more easily than of the ibex, which was an animal that, in his day, already had become very rare—are, as a rule, not true to nature, and some he drew never fail to bring a broad smile to the face of those who know



AN AUROCHS FIGHTING A TIGER.



AN AMERICAN BISON SURPRISED BY THREE BEARS.

what a chamois is really like. While upon the topic of ibex, two other pictures of this rare beast deserve to be reproduced here. They show an ibex, surprised by a lynx, leaping high into the air, and depict the final fate of the pursuer, who is crushed to death by the horns of the King of the Alps. Ridinger occasionally bursts into poetry of the schoolboy type.

It has been already mentioned that many of Ridinger's original plates are not only extant, but prints are impressed from them to-day, the demand for them being considerable. The new prints are recognisable yards off at a glance, and can be bought for a fifth of the price good old impressions fetch. Print Fig. 4 is the reproduction from such a new reprint, while the next one, Fig. 5, showing the death of the lynx, is from an old one. Even in our reproductions the reader will be able to discern the difference.

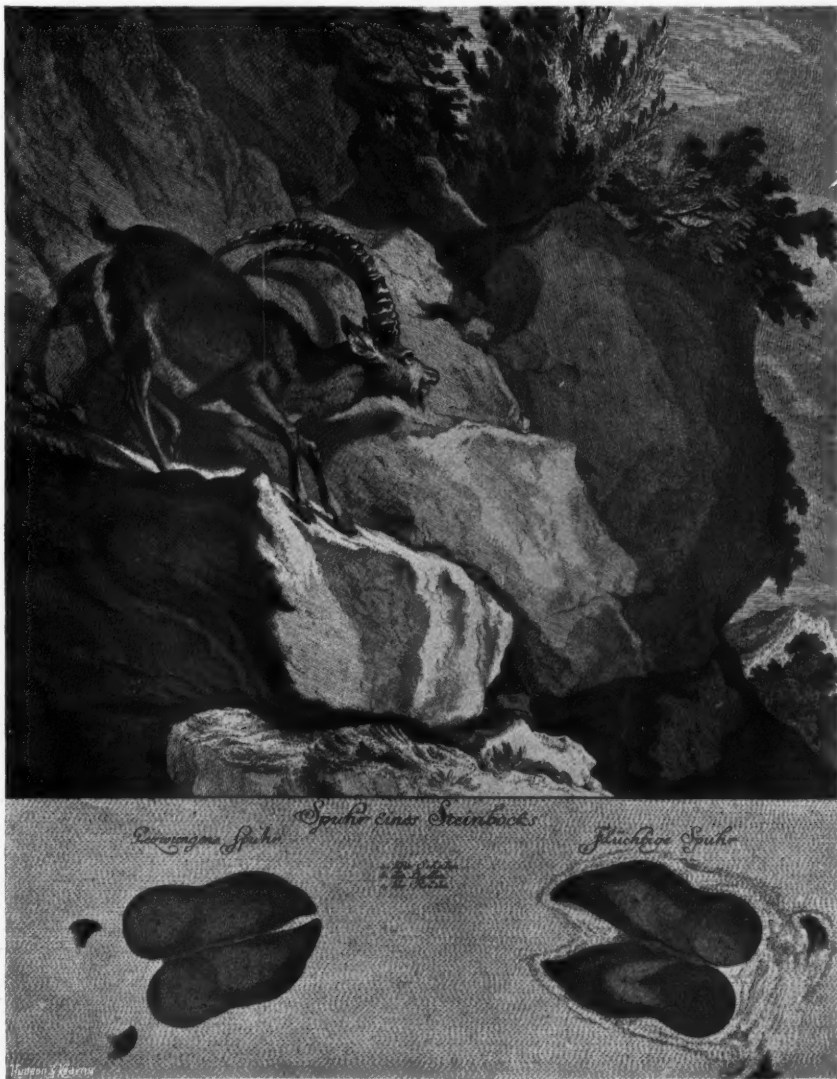
Ridinger's pictures of sporting dogs and falcons are among his best, and are much prized by collectors. Speaking of the latter, it may be of interest to mention that among the best collections of this master's works existing are those of the Duke of Cumberland, Prince Fürstenberg, Count Hans Wilczek of Vienna, Baron Dalberg, and Count Stillfried. The latter has written a very valuable appendix to Thienemann's biography and catalogue. The latter's work is a most useful handbook, essential to every collector, for it gives full details of over 1,300 of Ridinger's engravings. The numbers which he and Stillfried append to the engravings mentioned by them are those exclusively used by collectors and dealers.

Ridinger occasionally went far afield for subjects, and, in much of his later work, imagination comes in to a degree more amusing than edifying. His passion to represent animals fighting is explained, we must remember, by the fashion of the time, which made bear-baiting and arena fights between rare European or Transatlantic savage beasts, such as lions with tigers, rhinos with lions, bears with bison or mules, stags with packs of wolves, elephants with lions, etc., of frequent occurrence at many of the German Courts.

A highly-prized and really beautifully-executed set is his "Paradise," consisting of twelve large plates. They are among his largest engravings, measuring about 20in. in length and 14in. in height. In these twelve plates he gave free rein to his love of animal life amid sylvan scenes. We see Adam and Eve surrounded by a truly wonderful variety of animals, the beloved deer being, of course, prominently displayed. The forest landscape is perfect, the glades, where are grouped together

in peaceful concourse the most varied selections of animals from the four quarters of the globe, are quaintly picturesque, and one can easily fancy with what pleasure the diligent old artist executed this set.

Another famous set explains to us "The Sport of Princes." The thirty-six plates represent the various manners of the chase then followed by the electors, dukes, and sovereign nobles of the Holy Roman Empire. To our modern ideas of what constitutes sport, some of the scenes depicted by Ridinger disgust one with the lust for mere killing betrayed by those responsible for the erection of cruel traps or of high screens, by which the unfortunate stags were stealthily surrounded, in order that the lazy Royal sportsmen could finally shoot them down with a minimum of trouble to themselves, and in numbers that made this kind of sport nothing but downright slaughter. One of the pictures in this set shows us a piece of artificial water, on which is moored a sort of raft consisting of two large barges roped together. On this platform is erected a hut, in which we see assembled a number of sportsmen, some of whom are in the act of firing at stags which are swimming past the raft in vain attempts to escape the murderous fire. High screens of strong canvas and netting surround the pond, rendering escape impossible, while men in boats in the rear of the shooting-hut pick up the bodies of the slain deer. In the background we see several equipages, of quaintly old-fashioned shape, which had brought the august company to within a few yards of the spot where now the killing is going on. Such "sport," of course,



THE IBEX OF THE HIGH ALPS AND HIS TRACKS.

was not to be obtained without immense trouble on the part of the large staff of the *Jägeri*, who again impressed into service as many hundreds of peasants as were needed for the erection of fences many miles in length and for beating the coverts. The game was gradually collected, till finally, after days or weeks of constant work, many hundred deer were got together within stockades, where they were kept prisoners until the great day of the *chasse*, when, by opening gates that led into lanes which ended in an open space covered by the rifles of the royal party, the noble deer were sacrificed to the unnatural pleasure of these so-called "great sportsmen."

Other pictures in "The Sport of Princes" depict more sportsmanlike devices, those showing us stag-hunting after the French manner being the most spirited.

The next series is the "Par Force Jagd," or stag-hunting proper, representing in sixteen plates the manner in which this sport was conducted. We see the various stages—the questing and harbouring of the deer, the pack of hounds, the hunters being led to the meet, the breakfast in the wood partaken by the prickers and huntsmen ere the arrival of the lord and his party, the forming of the relays, the arrival of the prince and his party at the meet, the ride to the covert-side, the unharbouring of the stag, the laying on of the pack, the hunting with the stag in sight, the hounds at fault, the stag at bay, the stag "taking soil," the stag being pulled down by the hounds and receiving the *coup de grace*, and the *curée*, or the final obsequies following the death of the quarry.

Another interesting series to the sportsman is the "Fangarten," or, freely translated, "Ways and Means of Bagging Big Game," illustrated by thirty plates. In one of them we see a sportsman, dressed in the fashion of the time, his pigtail down his back, in the act of stalking a grazing stag. The sportsman's boots, removed from his feet to enable him to approach stealthily,



IBEX AND LYNX.



IBEX CRUSHING LYNX TO DEATH WITH HIS HORNS.

are fastened to his belt. Let us hope that when the cumbersome firelock is finally discharged the bullet will not miss the fairly large billet. To those interested in old sport I may mention that in "Sports in the Alps" I give other reproductions of Ridinger's and many details of ancient sport.

Space lacks to mention all the series produced by this extraordinarily prolific artist; a few hours in any of the great public collections will give a better idea of his genius than a whole book of description can possibly do. In not a few instances I have known these first few hours of inspection to extend to days and weeks, and the casual passer-by to develop into a keen collector.

We have mentioned that a considerable number of Ridinger's drawings were engraved on copper by his two sons, Martin and Johann Jacob, with results less satisfactory than those produced by the graver wielded by their father's hand. The picture of the American bison and bears is one of these, Martin Ridinger having engraved it. The difference is apparent at the first glance.

Our Meister, we must not forget to mention, was also a notable producer of mezzotint work. Of these, between 200 and 300 specimens are known to the collector, but only about fifty relate to sport. They are much rarer than his engravings, but are hardly as interesting.

Ridinger died in 1767, in his seventieth year, his indefatigable pencil kept busy until a few hours before his sudden death. A large number of his original drawings, amongst which there were quite a number which were never engraved, were sold by his heirs in 1830, and passed into the possession of the well-known connoisseur Weigel of Leipzig. It is to be hoped that these unpublished drawings may yet be reproduced; those relating to sport would assuredly meet with a warm reception by numerous collectors.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

THE COLNEY PARK STUD.

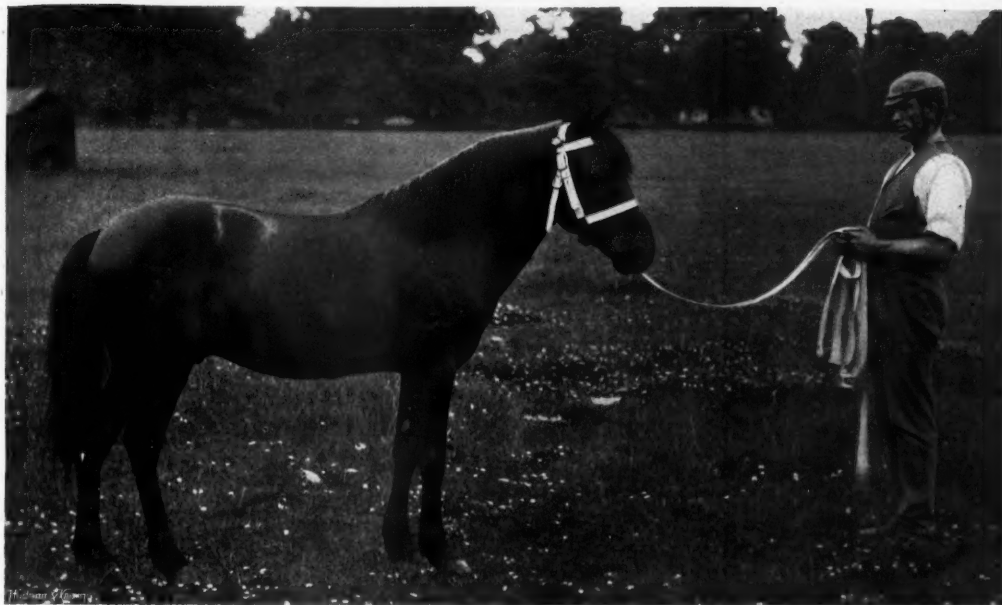
THE Colney Park Stud, from which so many prize harness horses have come, at present includes amongst its members a veritable curiosity in the equine line in the shape of the Devonshire pack-horse Triumph II., which is claimed to be, and no doubt is, the last living representative of a famous race. A century ago, and less, the pack-horse was the only possible means of communication between the residents on the great moors of Devonshire and the less unfortunate individuals whose lot was cast in more civilised localities, and it was upon the backs of the pack-horses

that provisions and other supplies were conveyed to the moor-men, as the nature of the ground precluded the use of vehicles.

What the origin of the pack-horse was no one can, with any degree of confidence, decide; but it is probable that he resulted many years ago from the crossing of an Eastern sire with the native mares of this country. Possibly, though it is doubtful, he is entitled to a share of the honour due for establishing the hackney, as the antiquity of both breeds precludes the possibility of arriving at any definite conclusion upon this matter; but it is quite certain that the pack-horse had a great deal to do with the

foundation of the Cleveland bay, and, through the latter, of the Yorkshire coacher. At the same time, the pack-horse of the past was essentially a riding horse, and it may be added of him that he was of a bay, brown, or black colour, and the possessor of the true type of Arab head, a short powerful back, huge quarters, and extremely heavy bone. The pack-horses of fifty years ago were also big, powerful animals, as many of them stood 16h., the sire, dam, grandsire, and grandams of Triumph being all close on that height; and it is a noticeable fact that Triumph's grandsire on both sides (Cottager), in addition to being the champion trotter of his district in the early fifties, was also the winner of that great local event, the Totnes Steeplechase, in which he beat both thorough-breds and cocktails, over one of the stiffest courses in the kingdom. Triumph was bred by the late Mr. Robert Giles of Penquit, whose father, and his father before him, had bred pack-horses; but of late years Mr. Giles, who had reached a very advanced age, being upwards of ninety years old at the time of his death, had ceased to pay as much attention as formerly to his horses, and so the race of packs was allowed to die out, the last survivor, Triumph, being purchased by Mr. Vero Shaw for the Colney Park Stud from Mr. Giles's executors last spring. Very conspicuous features of Triumph's anatomy are his lovely head and eye, his short back, and immense quarters and bone, for though age—he is fourteen

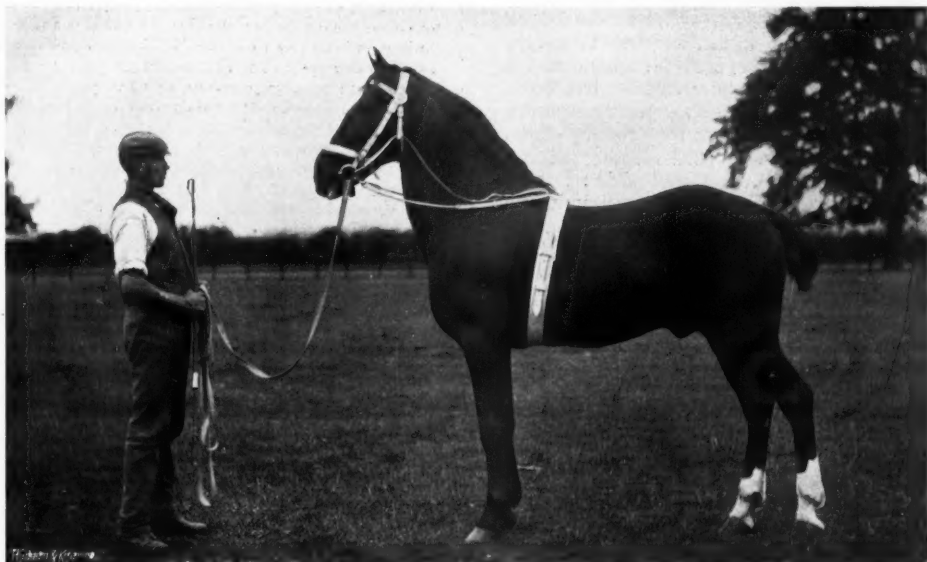
years old—has somewhat dipped his back, and a long service at the stud has not benefited his joints, he is still the *beau idéal* of a stallion for producing saddle horses from light or thorough-bred mares, and there is no better hock-actioned animal in the country, whilst his fore action is exactly adapted for saddle work. Triumph, who has, with few opportunities, sired a prize-winner at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, is, moreover, a perfect hack himself, and is constantly ridden in both town and country, which speaks volumes



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DARTMOOR PONY STALLION.

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PACK-HORSE.

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BROOD MARES AND FOALS.

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for his temper, and value as a sire. Another glimpse of Devonshire which can be obtained at the Colney Park Stud is the herd of Dartmoor ponies, which have been selected with the greatest care in order to prevent any animal of doubtful pedigree being included amongst them. The true unadulterated Dartmoor stallion should not stand over 13h. high at most, and the mares should be a little less at the shoulder; but these heights have been exceeded in many spurious half-bred or "improved" Dartmoors, which have been permitted to masquerade as representatives of the true breed. Goldfinder, whose portrait appears herewith, has never been beaten in a Dartmoor class, and may therefore be accepted as the model of all that a stallion of the breed should be, whilst the majority of the group of mares which are seen in the accompanying illustration were the property of the late Mr. Edmonds of South Brent, who for some half a century filled



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PAPA, MAMMA, ET BEBÉ.

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the post of mcorman on this part of Dartmoor, from whose representatives the mares were purchased, on his decease, for the Colney Park Stud.

The constitution of the Dartmoor pony is more robust than that of any other variety of English horse, as the ill-digested attempts to "improve" him by crossing with the Exmoor, the thorough-bred, or the Arab have clearly shown, for the half-breds died from exposure on the moors, while the Dartmoors continued to live and thrive upon what scant sustenance they could pick up. The head of the Dartmoor is, perhaps, his least pleasing feature, as compared with that of the Exmoor it is rather plain; but his ears are beautifully small, his back wonderfully well knit and powerful, his stamina quite remarkable, whilst, if properly schooled, his action is extremely good, and no more charming tempered pony exists than he.

The group of Shetlands, which forms a portion of the select herd kept at the Colney Park Stud, includes the stallion Dot, a second prize winner at the Crystal Palace Show, and perhaps the cloddiest built pony of his height—37in.—in existence. The filly-foal and her dam, which appear in the foreground, assist in making up a characteristic family group, which unfortunately could not be taken in the meadows, as Dot, who is an excellent harness pony, was not turned out at the time.

The last illustration, entitled *THE CAT AMONG THE POULTRY*, represents a remarkably clever cat attached to the stud, whose regular practice it is to mix with the poultry and pigeons at feeding-time, and to pick off a sparrow and sometimes two from amongst the numbers which descend from the roof tops to share the food scattered for the benefit of the larger birds.

IN THE . . GARDEN.

GALAX APHYLLA AND ITS WINTER FOLIAGE.

THE writer was looking a few days ago at a group of this pretty plant on the rock garden; it is a picture of colouring from the fine red tone of many of its leaves. It is a North American plant, the leaves heart-shaped, or cordate, to use a more technical word, firm, toothed, and supported on wiry stems varying from 4in. to 9in. high. Our plant is in a peaty bed, moist, and not too exposed, the place where Trilliums love to dwell, and the Mocassin-flower (*Cypripedium spectabile*) has established itself. In July the flowers appear, consisting of a slender spike of white petals, but in winter the red shading of the leaves is as beautiful as the flower of summer. It is not, of course, necessary to have this plant simply in a cool place on the lower part of the rock garden, as it will succeed anywhere in similar soil and situation. The writer has many tufts on the margin of a Rhododendron bed.

THE WINTER SWEET.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society many branches covered with flowers were seen, and how grateful they were in odour, a spicy plea-

sant perfume coming from the cup-shaped flowers of yellow with crimson sepals. The mild weather and thorough ripening up of the wood last autumn are responsible for this wealth of bloom. The writer has a plant on a south wall, and it has flowered delightfully, many sprays having been gathered for the house. There are good and bad forms; the best is one known as *grandiflorus*, and in asking for the Winter Sweet remember that its name is *Chimonanthus fragrans*, *grandiflorus* being a larger form than the type, with all its pleasant attributes.

THE WINTER GARDEN.

We were reading lately some notes on a winter garden, and how beautiful it may be made when the right trees and shrubs are planted. Amongst the things mentioned were red, yellow, and orange-fruited Hollies, *Pyracantha*, *Pernettyas*, and *Cotoneasters*, which often light up very brightly in the winter sunshine. More effective use might be made of the Japanese winter Jasmine (*Jasminum nudiflorum*), the Jonquil-like yellow flowers and rush-like stems of which contrast well with the bronzy leaves of the common Mahonia, or with Ivies of various kinds, especially with the dark leaves of *Hedera atropurpurea*, the so-called black-leaved Ivy. It is during the mild winter season that hardy Bamboos are at their best, especially in sheltered glades or dells, and near to water margins.

EFFECTIVE TREES AND SHRUBS IN WINTER comprise the beautiful Dogwood, its crimson stems like fire in the grey distance, and the

Siberian Cornus (*C. sibirica*) is richer even than the common kind, *C. alba*. Then there are the golden-stemmed Willows, Silver Birch, the white-stemmed Bramble (*Rubus leucodermis*), the Arbutuses, Sea Buckthorn, brilliant with ropes of orange-yellow berries, Gorse, Broom, Heaths of many kinds, and of course the evergreens, the Box, Holly, Yew and other conifers. As yet very little attention is paid to this delightful form of gardening, but winter is as beautiful as any other season; it is a season of quiet colouring, of browns, greys, and greens, with splashes of colour from Dogwood, Willow, and the still untouched hips of the Roses. The writer went lately through the Royal Gardens, Kew, where everything is thoroughly managed. It is a place of intense interest at all times, especially in the winter, when the groups of Willow, Dogwood, white-stemmed Bramble, and the strangely attractive Wych Hazel (*H. mamalis arborea*) colour the landscape. One does not want to introduce into a garden growths that may be seen in abundance on the native hills and in the valleys, but in districts where native evergreens are scarce, introduce them by all means. Yew, Box, and Holly are evergreens of wonderful beauty, and no exotic conifer possesses greater charm.

SWEET VIOLETS IN WINTER.

This has been, at least until the time of writing, an ideal winter for Violets. They have flowered abundantly, and the absence of fogs has also helped to this end. A frameful of Violets through the winter is a blessing indeed,



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE CAT AMONG THE POULTRY.

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and through the acquisition of many new kinds the range of choice is greater. The more recent varieties may be described as Pansies; they are as large as the miniature-flowered tufted Pansies, and more fragrant than the native Violet of the hedgerow. A very charming kind is *La France*. The writer has a glassful of it before him, and the few flowers scent the room. The flower is very fragrant and of a rich purple-violet colouring. *Princess of Wales* is another flower of great charm, rich in colour and in fragrance, and the bloom is carried upon a long stout stem, which renders it of much use for cutting. California, another large-flowered Violet, is now well known, and so too is *Luxonne*. We must not of course forget the double *Marie Louise*, one of the most useful, long-lasting, and fragrant of flowers, and blossoming persistently through the winter. But we

wish to refer more especially to the newer giant race. Enlarging a flower frequently means spoiling it absolutely, but this is happily not the case with the Violet. At the time of writing the weather is quite mild, but beware—a sharp-frost may set in at any moment, and through the summer trying to cheat winter plants will be ill prepared for any severe visitation. The leafage is thick and green, and will suffer unless protected. Be ready to cover with mats whenever a sudden change may occur. Whilst the weather is mild, however, remove the lights of the frames on favourable days, keep decaying and dead leaves carefully picked off, and if water is necessary, it must only be given when the sun shines. It is essential that all damp should dry up before evening.

SOME USEFUL INSECTICIDES.

Our readers must forgive us for including such a very practical and unromantic topic as this; but during the year many disasters occur in plant culture through persons not knowing the remedies to apply promptly. Gardeners, amateur and otherwise, have told us of the utter impossibility of making a selection from the long lists of insecticides recommended in books and papers.

Paraffin Emulsion is a splendid insecticide. It may be purchased ready-made, or may be obtained by dissolving 1lb. of soft soap in two quarts of boiling water. While the mixture is quite hot stir in one pint of paraffin oil. To make the combination of oil and soap more complete it should be worked through a syringe for about ten minutes, until a creamy mixture is formed. To every pint of this emulsion add ten pints of water. It is most important to thoroughly mix the oil and water.

Tobacco Water.—This is a very good insecticide. Boil 1 z. of strong tobacco in a gallon of water, add 2oz. of soft soap, strain, and use when cold; it should then be of the colour of fairly strong tea.

Quassia and Soft Soap Wash.—This is made by soaking half a pound of quassia chips in a gallon of cold water for some hours. Boil gently for an hour or more, strain out the chips, add 5oz. of soft soap, and, before using, four gallons of water. This mixture must not touch fruit.

Caustic Alkali Wash may be recommended as a winter wash for fruit trees infested with that terrible plague, American blight, and such pests as scale. It is a thousand pities that amateur gardeners so often neglect taking early vengeance upon these plagues. American blight eats into the very heart of the branch, and the result is canker, and in time utter collapse. This wash destroys all insect life, moss, lichens, and similar growths. It does not injure the trees when used before the buds open, but is very caustic, so that it should not be allowed to get upon the skin, and will also spoil clothes. Make it as follows: Dissolve 1lb. of ground caustic soda in a gallon of water, add three-quarters of a pound of pearl ash, and stir until all is dissolved, then add nine gallons of water, and, lastly, 10oz. of soft soap which has been dissolved in a little boiling water. Mix thoroughly, and the solution may be used.

Gas Lime must be mentioned in the present list. It should be applied at the rate of half a pound to one pound per square yard. This will destroy wire-worms, snake millipedes, and other pests, but remember that so strong is it that no crop may be grown on the soil until nine months have elapsed.

Nitrate of Soda is useful to destroy insects at the roots of plants. A strong solution in water is of much value, and at the same time acts as a stimulant. It is given to Chrysanthemums, but must be used with great care.

Soot, when fresh, but not used direct from the chimney, keeps away grubs from the roots when laid thickly round the plants and then worked in.

Paris Green.—This preparation has been much used by farmers, especially fruit farmers, in the United States. It is very poisonous, but in careful hands it is a valuable insecticide, especially for destroying caterpillars on the foliage of fruit trees and plants. It is usually sold as a powder, but it is better to buy it as a paste, as this does not blow about. One ounce should be put in every twelve gallons of water. The mixture must be kept well stirred, Paris Green being very heavy; it should be sprayed on the trees, and only sufficient used to just wet the leaves. Use soft water always for making insecticides. Another point to remember about Paris Green is that it should not be used when the trees are in flower or within a month of the fruit becoming ripe.

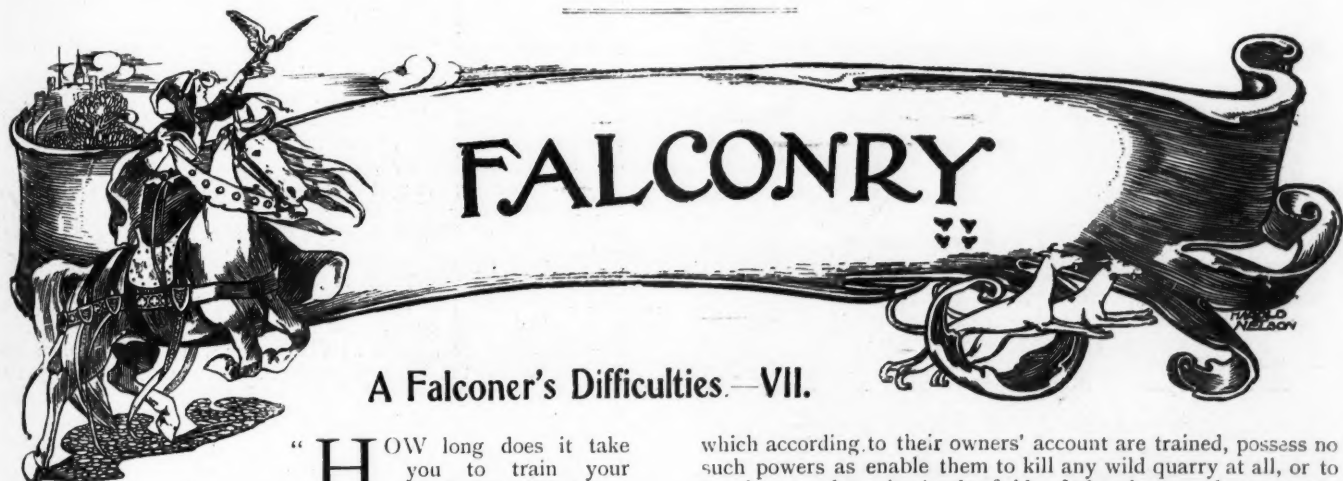
Prevention is of course better than cure, and to reduce the need of insecticides to the lowest point, always remove everything likely to harbour insects. Dirty plant-houses, overcrowding, bad culture, improper ventilation, and such-like, are responsible for plagues of insect foes. We must not forget the deep debt we owe to the makers of insecticides. The XL preparation is one of the most valuable productions of recent years, and there are also other good compounds, "Abol," Gishurst compound, and many besides those mentioned. The golden rule is to use the insecticide strictly according to directions. It is quite easy to destroy

a plant by a too liberal dose of some very strong compound. It should be always remembered too that one application is seldom sufficient, for, as a rule, the eggs are not killed; therefore repeat the process in the course of a week or thereabouts. Wet also the under-sides of the leaves, especially when they are infested with thrips, red spider, and pests that live in that position. Most insecticides are best applied by a spraying machine or a syringe with a spraying nozzle. These are made so that the under-sides of the leaves are easily reached. Never use insecticides when the sun is shining on the plants or in very bright weather. Apply them if possible in the evening, and wash the plants clean the next morning. Dilute the insecticides when the plants are very tender, as of course some things are more robust than others.

PEONY BORDERS.

Mr. James Kelway, Mearne Wyche, Langport, writes: "Garden borders composed mainly or wholly of the Peony family are now being formed, and are a very handsome addition to a garden of any size. Their actual flowering period extends through the months of May and June, but there is beauty in them from the latter days of March, when the crimson shafts, all ruddy with the warm promise of the coming summer, pierce the earth's crust, until the rich red browns of the passing leaves reflect the rays of the sun in autumn. Peonies are so compact in root-growth, and at the same time such sturdy, strong-growing plants, that they neither injure suitable bulbs, etc., planted amongst them, nor are harmed themselves by the bulbs; so that many lovely pictures can be formed with the background of the young Peony growth in early spring, and of the matured foliage when summer is over. A bed with golden Daffodils mingled with the blood-coloured young Peony shoots and bordered by a delicate china-blue band of the Glory of the Snow is a sight which lingers in the memory long after the Peonies have lapsed into their wealth of gorgeous summer blossoms, even until the flaming Gladioli tower over the masses of broad foliage in July and August and September, and cool their fiery hues against the colder, graceful beauty of Lilies and Galtonias. The borders should consist, as far as the Peonies are concerned, of June-flowering kinds, varieties of all-flora, with early-flowering species and varieties of *P. officinalis* on the outskirts or mingled amongst them. Of course tree Peonies planted in the background, or to break up the herbaceous varieties, add to the magnificence of the effect where space and means allow. I strongly recommend that borders for this purpose be trenched or deeply dug, and well manured; they are to last for many years. Bulbs, with the exception of the Lilies and Gladioli, will be planted in the autumn, the Peonies any time between the end of August and March, and Gladioli in spring."

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Vegetable and Flower Seeds: Messrs. John Peed and Son, West Norwood, S.E.; Mr. William Runney, Joyning's Nurseries, Waltham Cross, N.; Messrs. George Bunyard and Co., The Royal Nurseries, Maidstone; Mr. David W. Thompson, 24, Frederick Street, Edinburgh; Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Limited, Handsworth Nurseries, Sheffield. Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Garden Sundries: Messrs. Dicksons, Chester. Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Bulbs, Hardy Plants, etc.: Messrs. Webb, Wordsley, Stourbridge. Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Bulbs, etc.: Messrs. Kent and Brydon, Darlington. Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Ornamental Grasses, etc.: Messrs. T. Methven and Sons, 15, Princes Street, and Leith Walk, Edinburgh. Vegetable, Fruit, and Flower Seeds: Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons, Limited, 55, Royal Avenue, Belfast, and The Nurseries, Newtownards. Farm Seeds: Messrs. William Clibran and Son, Manchester and Altrincham. Rose Catalogue and Guide: Messrs. Benjamin R. Cant and Sons, The Old Rose Gardens, Colchester. Forest and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, etc.: Messrs. Hogg and Wood, Coldstream and Duns, N.B. Forest Trees, Roses, Fruit Trees, etc.: Messrs. F. Urquhart and Co., Springfield, Ness Walk, Inverness. Sutton's Amateur Guide in Horticulture for 1901, and complete list of Garden Seeds: Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading. Garden Seeds: Messrs. Toogood and Sons, Southampton. Seeds of Conifers and Hardy Trees and Shrubs: M. Johannes Rafn, Skovfrøkontoret, Copenhagen. Seeds of Hardy Trees and Shrubs: MM. Vilmorin-Andrieux et Cie, 4, Quai de la Mégisserie, Paris. Seeds and Garden Sundries: Messrs. William Paul and Sons, Waltham Cross, Herts. General List of Garden Seeds: Messrs. H. Cannell and Sons, Swanley, Kent. Chrysanthemums: Messrs. C. E. and F. W. Lilley, Limited, Les Héches, St. Peter-in-the-Wood, Guernsey. Competitors' Guide and General Seed List: Messrs. Dobbie and Co., Rothesay, N.B.



A Falconer's Difficulties.—VII.

"HOW long does it take you to train your hawks?" This is one of the questions which are most commonly asked of the falconer; and it is almost as difficult for him to answer as it would be for a fisherman to say how long it would take him to catch a salmon. Everything depends, of course, on the conditions under which the task is entered upon. The term "train" is certainly not very perspicuous, for, sad to say, in these modern days especially, a good many hawks,

which according to their owners' account are trained, possess no such powers as enable them to kill any wild quarry at all, or to be of any real service in the field. It has happened many more times than once within the last few years, that a whole party of shooting men have been asked to knock off work at a more or less interesting period of their day's sport, in order that an "exhibition of falconry" may be seen. When on these occasions a good practical falconer has been on the scene with a cast or two of first-rate peregrines, the result has been pleasant and exciting to some at least of the spectators. But only too often the poor

half-reclaimed creatures which have been brought out to "make sport for the Philistines" have proved entirely unequal to the difficult task which they were called upon to perform, and the whole show has ended in a fiasco, in which the too presumptuous falconer played a humiliating part, while the shooting men, who had interrupted their own sport for the sake of what they considered a "fad," have been disgusted with the whole proceedings, and have gone away with the idea that falconry is "all humbug." Thus no end of harm is done, not only to their own reputation, but to the whole cause of falconry, by pretenders who will not take the trouble to find out for themselves the answer to simple questions, such as how long it will take them to train a hawk, and at what time she can fairly be called trained.

Sir John Sebright has told us that he trained a wild-caught sparrow-hawk so completely in ten days, that he was then able to fly and kill with her a wild partridge. This is pretty universally regarded as a record exploit—at least for this part of the world—although the Indian and some other tropical hawks, which are naturally far less wild, may have been reclaimed and flown with success after an equally brief captivity. Sparrow-hawks are, amongst all the smaller varieties, the most difficult creatures to deal with, although a clever and determined trainer, with a single reliable assistant, ought to be able to reduce them to obedience in a shorter time than any of the big hawks. For a haggard peregrine—that is to say, one which has been caught after she has attained in the wild state her adult plumage, and is therefore at least eighteen months old, and may be very much more—some months are usually allowed for even an expert falconer to have one in full flying order. But in all these cases, whether the hawk under treatment is big or little, old or young, everything depends upon the quantity and quality of the attention bestowed upon her by the trainer. If he has the leisure and the energy to use from the first such strong measures as are picturesquely suggested by Shakespeare in "The Taming of the Shrew," the work of reclamation will be immeasurably more quickly and better done than if, by reason of want of time, or want of assistants, or insufficient patience and good temper in himself, he neglects to apply with adequate vigour the proper measures—the waking, or watching, the handling, hooding, and persistent carrying—which are necessary for his purpose. To show how elastic is the rule as to the time required for converting a wild hawk into a trained one, it may be enough to mention that John Barr would back himself to reclaim any fresh-caught merlin within one week, whereas the haggard peregrines caught in Holland in November are considered to have made very good progress if they are ready to fly rooks by March, and could hardly ever be safely thrown off to wait on until a considerably later date.



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A SPARROWHAWK ON THE FIST.

"C.L."



Copyright

MAKING A GOOD MEAL.

"C.L."

Are not eyesses much more quickly trained? This is also a question which cannot be answered offhand. For if in the period of training is understood to be included all the time which elapses between the day when the hawk comes into man's possession and when she is flown at quarry in the field, then the education of the eyess will be found to extend to quite as great a number of days as the breaking in of some passagers. Take, for instance, merlins. Any one of these vivacious little creatures may be reclaimed by a competent man, who will take the work properly in hand, within three weeks from the time when she is taken out of the bow-net in Holland, or out of the bird-catcher's trap. Whereas if she come to the falconer's hands from the nest on the wold or the moors, it will be about as long before she has even finished her period of hack. For eyesses have at least two lessons to learn, whereas adult hawks have only one. The latter have already before their capture learnt well how to fly, and only needs to learn obedience. The eyess has not yet mastered the first difficulty, and can only be enabled to do so—and that imperfectly—by some weeks of daily practice. Moreover, although in a period of hack, even if it is protracted to the latest day which is consistent with safety, the young hawk will learn to fly passably, and pick up a few wrinkles about stooping and shifting in the playful encounters which she will have with her brothers and sisters on the wing, still, she will be quite a novice in the practical art of footing various quarry, and will have a lot before her, even after she is entered, before she can acquire even a small percentage of the skill which the wild-caught hawk possesses before ever a jess is put round her leg. Thus, adding together the period of hack, the short *régime* of taming and m'anning, and the time spent before the eyess gains her practical experience in the field, we arrive at a total delay often more than equal to that which is required for the single, though more tedious, process of teaching obedience to the haggard.

Here we are brought face to face with a question which has led to some discussion amongst falconers of all ages, and has been the subject of much doubt in the minds of many accomplished trainers. It relates to the nature of the liberty, and even licence, which should be allowed to eyesses while they are at hack. Let us suppose that an amateur falconer has become possessed of a nest or two of eyesses, such as are shown in the illustrations. If he is a beginner, and a wise one, they will be kestrels, such as may be seen in the foremost figure in the hamper (No. 4). If he is a step more advanced in his knowledge of the art, they may very likely be merlins. They may be peregrines, of course; but the question of their primary education will not be essentially different in any case. All the pupils standing at ease on the bottom of the hamper are in an advanced stage of adolescence. If put to it they would probably be able to fly some distance without doing more than just touch the ground with their toes when they wanted a fresh impulse to help them on their way. During the few days, or perhaps the few hours only, which have passed since they left their parents, there has been time to accustom them in some degree to the presence of men, and perhaps to implant in their infant minds a vague idea

that they are now entitled to look to human hands for a supply of their daily food. Anyhow, they have begun to understand that at a particular spot they will find from time to time, as their desire for food becomes pressing, a supply of what they require to satisfy it. At this particular stage of their education there is a choice generally open to the falconer of adopting one of two different methods. Either the eyesses may be induced to come for their meals quite close to him and to take them in his presence, from a block or a board near his feet, from a lure which he throws down in front of him, or even, in some cases, from his hand; or, abandoning all attempts to meddle with them, he may put out their meat at set times on the hack-board, and let them take it alone, with no person anywhere near the place.

The advocates of this latter practice are sometimes very bitter against those who believe in the other system. They are apt to assume that by making the young captive hawk as wild as they can they improve her flying powers and her whole nature, by assimilating her as nearly as possible to one which has never quitted the wild state. The argument on the other side is that between wildness and excellence there is no natural or necessary connection, unless the wildness is allowed to continue so long that the wild eyess begins to kill for herself, and that, as this cannot ever be done, it is just as well during the period of hack to remain on friendly and intimate terms with the pupils as



Madge.

EYESS MERLINS.

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to encourage them to become strangers, and to regard the trainer with suspicion and alarm, which they must do if they refuse to feed in his presence. Between these conflicting arguments, and many others which may be advanced on either side, it is impossible to decide by any definite general verdict. Experience affords little help, for some of the very best eyess peregrines have been hacked under the "molly-coddle" system, as it is called by its adversaries. This much, however, may certainly be said. Cases will arise where a family of eyesses of any kind—even merlins or hobbies—will prove from the first reluctant to feed in the near presence of mankind. Occasionally their reluctance will develop itself in one individual bird, although the brothers or sisters may exhibit no such tendency at all. Whenever it is found that a young hawk is becoming so shy or "offish" that, although she must be quite hungry, she refuses to come to the hack-board as long as a man is there, it is clearly bad policy to persist in forcing her inclination. She may no doubt be starved into giving way; but the very suspicion of anything like starvation for a hawk at hack is radically opposed to the proper conception of that happy period. The very essence of a well-ordered hack is that the young hawk shall be allowed to eat at any reasonable time when she has a mind to do so. If, by reason of her temper, or some silly prejudice, or an accident that has occurred to frighten her, she has developed a dislike to eating



Madge. KESTRELS AND SPARROWHAWK Copyright

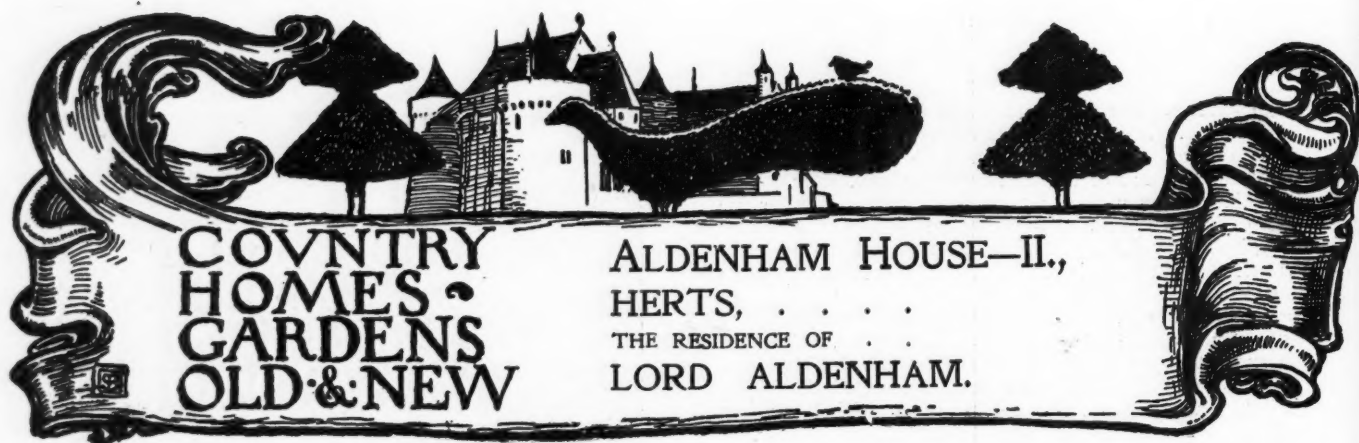
in the company of men, then by all means give way to her whim, however foolish it may be. Better let the whole lot of hawks out at hack become as wild and man-shy as they like, than that even one of them should be allowed to stunt the growth of her feathers or spoil her flying through an attempt to coerce her into unwilling obedience.

A TAME ZEBRA.

THE zebra a photograph of which we show was foaled in June, 1898, at the Duke of Westminster's Home Farm, Aldford, near Chester, and was presented to Mrs. Acland Hood by the late Duke, in April, 1899. At first it showed a very great aversion to harness of any description, but by gradual and constant training it at length became quiet, and was daily schooled with long reins. At the end of six months it was tried in the cart here shown, and very little difficulty was experienced. The animal was always rather hard-mouthed, but otherwise was easily handled, and might have been frequently seen in the neighbourhood of Eaton and Eccleston trotting quietly along, as here depicted. Mrs. Hood took a very great interest in its training, and often accompanied it herself when driven with the long rein. As she is leaving Eccleston, she has disposed of the animal to Mr. A. Yates.



ZEBRA IN HARNESS.



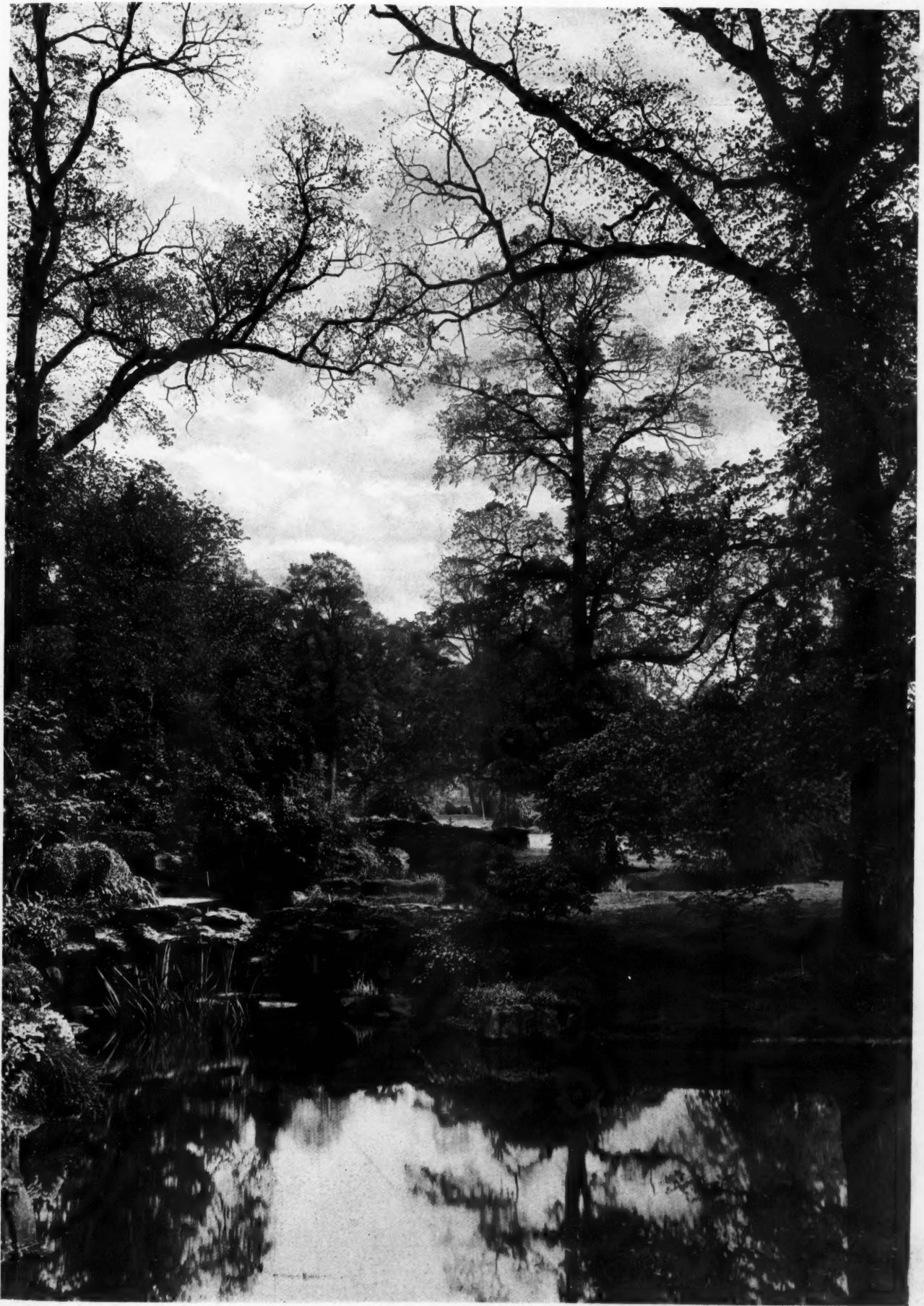
ALDENHAM PARK, as we mentioned in our previous article, is a place of varied beauty. We will now enter the wilderness. Our illustrations convey more forcibly than words the charms of those grassy paths winding through shrubby groups, or forming a restful vista, terminated maybe by a garden seat. It is a place of vistas, cool green walks, and brilliant splashes of colour, not from flowers, but from the stems and fruits of the shrubs used in painting the picture. This massing of shrubs is unusual, and worthy of imitation. No matter whether the winds of winter whistle through the trees, or the rich tints of autumn colour the boughs, this wilderness of shrubs presents bright features. Here an enormous group of the sumach *Rhus typhina*, spreads out its characteristic foliage, dabbled with brilliant colours in September days, there the air is saturated with the breath of sweet briar, and the heavy racemes of *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora* (the big paniced hydrangea) weigh down the shoots. The Japanese rose, cut-leaved bramble, double bramble, *Cornus sibirica* (the Siberian dogwood), *Rubus odoratus*, Japanese windflower, *symphoricarpus*, *ribes*, and *spiræa* are a few of the shrubs massed in

this bold and interesting way. One may imagine the effect of dozens of plants of the *Cornus sibirica* in the winter landscape, the effect of a fierce fire, a glorious splash of colour in the grey winter landscape. We can only describe this planting as magnificent for its effectiveness, whilst the restfulness and charm of the wilderness are preserved. This free planting does not disturb the quiet grassy paths flecked with sunlight, and retreats from the glare of "bedders" and the heat of summer and autumn.

Our readers must forgive this somewhat detailed description of the wilderness, for the reason that we wish to impart a lesson to those who at this time of planting and alterations are considering fresh schemes.

By following one of the pleasant grass walks, and leaving the house and famous kitchen garden with its fine ornamental doorway, the north-west side is reached, and here many changes have taken place during the past few years. On every hand are beautiful effects from the choice collection of trees and shrubs, and streams meandering into the moats of the old house that once existed in this portion of the grounds. Nothing remains of the former house except the moats, which have been





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THE SINUOUS WAY.

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restored according to the old plan—Lord Aldenham found these interesting water protections filled up, and not only so, but trees from 40ft. to 50ft. high had grown in the soil—whilst the old stew-pond is now a delightful bathing-place, grouped around with flowers and shrubs, not the least beautiful at this time being the orange-berried sea buckthorn (*Hippophæ rhamnoides*). Every square yard of this pleasure ground is interesting for its past associations and present planting. There is the Wrestlers' Pond, near to the place where stood the old Wrestlers' Inn,

famed for its prize-fights, in which Tom Sayers worsted many an opponent, and avenues of poplars with thorns in the foreground, and an ancient line of trees which was once the old London and St. Albans main road, diverted by Lord Aldenham for about a mile and three-quarters. This road went through the middle of the avenue on the same level as the lawn, and was moved back for a considerable distance, being taken too through a roft, cutting to give an uninterrupted view from the park, and to shut out passing traffic and pedestrians. These extensive alterations, with new drives and walks, have been completed during quite recent years, and greatly adorn the splendid estate. We must linger in these gardens of moat, pond, and stream. The collection of plants is rare and interesting, and the way they are used is natural and therefore beautiful. Aldenham, it must be remembered, is not a garden of one season only; it is delightful to visit at all times—during the spring, when the flowering trees are burdened with blossom and the marsh marigolds dot the streamsides with colour; through the summer months; and in the autumn, to learn the value of the changing leaf in beautifying the landscape. It is impossible, and we have no wish to weary our readers, to name a tithe of the precious plants of garden importance in these grounds. We noticed a glorious group of the blue-green *Arundo arundinacea*; the *Cotoneaster microphylla* sprawls its wiry green shoots, covered in winter with crimson berries, over rock and bank; and upon the water surface float fleets of nymphæas, the many hybrid forms of brilliant tints scintillating jewels in the warmth of a summer day.

Resting upon the bridge,



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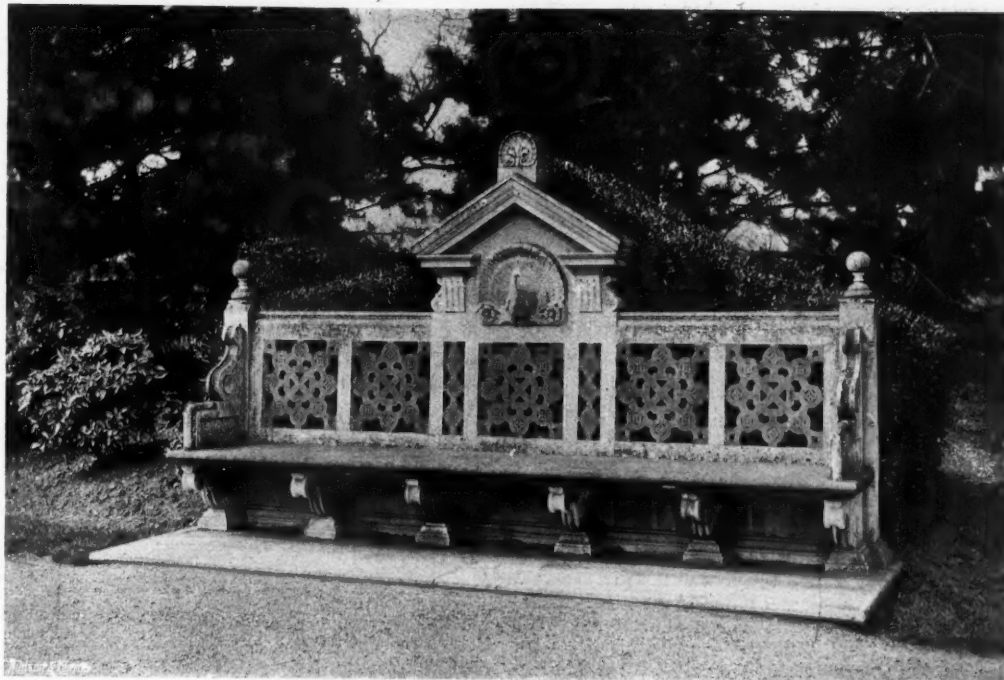
THE POPLAR WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

the visitor has this planting in groups and glimpses of water in the picture. The bridge walls are covered with saxifragas, sedums, and other plants at home in the interstices, and by its arch, down by the water-side, the sea buckthorn has assumed quite a tree form, interesting as a departure from the spreading bushy shape familiar in its native streams and in many gardens. This is a garden of shrubs and flowers. Roses, the Penzance briars and other vigorous climbers, tumble about in profusion, and rich effects are produced by the bold use of things deep in colour and beautiful in growth. It is a bewildering collection, and we must thank Mr. Vicary Gibbs for such an opportunity of making acquaintance with many rare trees and shrubs which hitherto we did not know. The weeping *Ailanthus glandulosus* is probably the finest specimen in the country, and the weeping alder by the margin of the bathing-pond is a tree of graceful beauty. As showing the value of the collection,

we may name the following shrubs: Golden poplars, the charming grey-leaved weeping willow (*Salix sericea pendula*), the rare *Xanthoxylum fraxinifolium*, Japanese acers in rich variety, golden Lawson's cypress, the newer hybrid clematises mingling with the shrub groups, the hardy clero-dendron (*C. trichotomum*), *Abelia trifoliata*, and a host of others.

The trees and shrubs are massed upon the grass. There is no solid formal way of gardening, and notwithstanding that the alterations have been completed within quite recent years, the impression is that of a garden mellowed by time. With the shrubs are planted hardy flowers to create pleasant pictures, and we well remember the remarkable effect of masses of love-lies-bleeding (*Amarantus caudatus*) reflecting its crimson trails in the water. This is the only occasion on which a plant so melancholy and uninteresting in the border has



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A STONE SEAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

proved its garden importance. Weeping and variegated leaved trees are in great evidence, and we think the weeping kinds in particular are insufficiently known in English gardens. Why this should be so it is not easy to determine. A weeping tree is generally of graceful beauty, and casts a grateful shade upon the lawn in the hot summer days, but there must be no crowding together. Every tree should display its characteristic charm—the willows by the water-side, the holly upon the lawn, and the thorns in the park. The willow is in its drooping form a thing of beauty, but rarely is it planted in the garden, or, for that matter, any of its precious family. Those who have ugly lakesides, bare as a deal board, should learn something of the importance and beauty of verdure from the pleasure grounds at Aldenham, where everything is so ordered that the flowers of the seasons and the trees in their



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THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

varying phases give their beauty in making the landscape grateful to the eye, and splashed with colour from flower or winter bark.

Aldenham is in no sense a modern place. Although many vast alterations have been made of late years, oaks and elms prevail, and a noble group of six elms stands out against the sky; but, as in the shrub masses near the water gardens, weeping trees are one of the features, the weeping beech near the house being unexcelled in the British Islands. It is a splendid specimen of its kind, the branches sweeping the grass and forming a fountain of leafy shoots, an arbour of grateful green in the warm days of summer. The weeping trees at Aldenham are pendulous in the truest sense, and with the beech may be grouped the weeping lime and ash.

We might have written many pages more of the historical and arboricultural features of Lord Aldenham's favourite residence. In the time of the starworts (Michaelmas daisies) the borders are blue with the masses of flowers, and many beautiful seedlings have been raised, and considered of sufficient value to gain the award of merit of the Royal Horticultural Society, whilst the produce from kitchen and fruit garden is of remarkable excellence. Flowers and homely esculents go together. Old-world borders of hardy plants run through the more domestic quarters, and make gay places not regarded as romantic or interesting. This meeting of flowers and vegetables is one of the sweetest lessons in wholesome English gardening, so practically and truthfully carried out in this Hertfordshire home of England. Of Lord Aldenham it is unnecessary to write. His good deeds are known to many, and his love of all that is beautiful in Nature is manifest in the delightful way gardening is portrayed in woodland and parterre. Nor must we forget his gardener son, the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, the popular M.P. for the district, so popular that no one at the recent election cared to dispute his possession. The writer of these notes is especially



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THE WRESTLERS' POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

interested in the work of Mr. Gibbs, for he contributed to "The Century Book of Gardening" one of its most practical chapters, wherein are described the golden leaved, weeping, and other

trees alluded to in this description. We may be pardoned at this season, when alterations are intended or in progress in many English estates, if we record the sound advice given by Mr. Gibbs on page 418 of the work alluded to: "It may be well to consider what sort of trees you should plant in your garden with the best prospect of success. I have heard before now a friend say, 'I really don't know what trees would do with me, and I don't want to have the trouble and expense of planting a lot of trees which, owing to soil or situation, may never



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ONE OF THE LODGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

do any good.' To such an one I would reply, 'Walk out into your country lanes or fields, and see what are the finest trees growing naturally. If you are living on heavy clay soil, they will be found to be oak and elm; if on a light gravel, walnut, spruce, Scotch fir, etc.; if on chalk, beech—to give a few examples. You do not want in your garden to reproduce exactly the trees which you see flourishing along your roadsides, but what you can do is to learn from these what species are likely to succeed with you, and then you can get garden varieties of them, which, to the casual observer, will be perfectly distinct, though botanically they are the same.' It must be borne in mind that the commonest tree in a vigorous and healthy state is a finer object than one which (however beautiful and conspicuous in its own habitat) is, owing to unsuitable conditions of soil and climate, struggling painfully for bare life. If the reader of these lines should be quite ignorant of arboriculture, and yet desire to start a collection of trees . . . I would suggest in such circumstances that a personal visit should be paid to Kew Gardens, and to one or two of the leading nurseries, where a large collection of good trees can be seen growing, and a selection made."



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THE OLD ROAD TO ST. ALBANS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A BRIDGE IN THE GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

GAME PRESERVATION IN THE 19th CENTURY.—II.

SCROPE tells us that Rob Doun, or Brown Robert, was born in 1714 in the heart of Lord Reay's country, now known as one of the most celebrated deer forests in Scotland, and for many years rented by the late Duke of Westminster from the Duke of Sutherland; he says also that in the young days of this noted poacher and bard none thought of restraining any inclination

they might have to take a deer, if they found one, and could stalk and shoot well enough to kill it. But towards the end of his life he got into serious trouble on several occasions, for law had been added to law and regulation to regulation, so that by this time it was said, "honest theft is the spoil of the red deer." So the poacher thought it until the day of his death, and although he had fallen out of favour with his chief—not because of his poaching, but because of the sharpness of his satire—the law had few terrors for him, and on one occasion, when he had been caught in the act of "honest theft," he took down his rifle, and proceeded on his way to the Court, there to discover whether he would be let off for his popularity as a poet, or transported for life for his crimes as a poacher. He thought the former; but his wife,

who accompanied him, feared the latter. They had not proceeded far, when Rob discovered deer, and nothing would do but that he must have a shot at them, and so successful was he that he killed two. This, his wife declared, would settle the matter—"he would be transported for life"; but he replied, "Go home, and send for them. If I return not, you shall have more need of them; but fear not, it shall go hard with me if I am not soon with you again and have my share." So he was; and that will show what the state of public feeling in Scotland was about the time when William Scrope first saw the light; and so we only miss a generation of something less than twenty years before the state of the Highlands is laid bare to us by the first and best literary authority on deer-stalking. He was born in 1772, when Rob Doun was but fifty-eight, if he was then alive, and the sport he saw in the Highland deer forest of Athole was many years prior to the publication in 1838 of his book on deer-stalking. The first man in Scotland who is said to have thought it worth while to preserve the game of the country was a Lord Lovat, a race which has produced some very shrewd chiefs; but this is what Scrope has to say of perhaps one of the oldest deer forests in Scotland—the part of the forest of Athole which was cleared of sheep and cattle in 1786, in order to encourage the deer, was 51,708 acres—"All this vast tract is reserved exclusively for deer, with a slight exception as to Glen Tilt, where sheep are occasionally permitted to pasture. In 1786 the sheep were



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THE BATHING-POOL.

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ALDENHAM HOUSE: THE LOWER FALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

removed from the north side of Glen Tilt, and from the south, or Ben-y-gloe side, about ten years afterwards. In the year 1776, when Mr. John Crerar went to Blair, the number of deer in all the forest did not probably exceed one hundred; though some small herds have wandered in from time immemorial. The great increase took place in the year above mentioned, when Forest Lodge was built, the sheep and cattle removed, and the hills were thus kept free from disturbance. Favoured and protected as they now were, the increase became very rapid, so that of late years their numbers were computed at about seven thousand." Besides the deer ground, the forest of Athole at that time consisted of 83,742 acres of grouse moor or sheep ground, and one of the first Englishmen who made a practice of going to Scotland for grouse shooting told the writer that he had rented the whole of it at £40 a year; that is without the deer ground. This conversation was in about 1870, and the speaker the late Mr. Laverack, who must then have been about eighty years of age, but at what period he spoke of the writer unfortunately does not know. At any rate, Colonel Thornton, whose book was published in 1804, wandered over the Highlands with gun and falcons without any thought of paying rent; but in St. John's time in Sutherlandshire (1848) sheep farming had driven off both deer and black cattle to a great extent, and the moors were already letting at fair prices for their grouse shooting. All the same, St. John seems to have thought it very necessary to get a strict promise from his own stalker that when he poached deer it should not be on the ground of his employer. This half stalker, three-parts poacher, was not above confessing it, either, when he had a shot over the boundary; so near it, too, that the wounded stag was supposed to have taken refuge on the very ground from which the poaching Highlander had promised to abstain. Nevertheless when Scrope wrote in 1838 there were a large number of deer forests in Scotland, and a great deal of sheep ground was also let for sport; and, although some of the forests had always been known as such, at about this period sheep were being cleared in new directions, and old forests were being added to by clearing off the sheep. At that time stalking was very general, and driving the deer only a very occasional method of coming to close quarters with them, and dogs were not then much used except for bringing the wounded deer to bay.

For this purpose all sorts of dogs seem to have been used; Scrope speaks of the rough greyhound or staghound as the lurcher, and the since famous Glengarry breed had, shortly before, been crossed with the foxhound and also with the bloodhound, which latter, by the way, may account for a deerhound with long hanging ears in one of Landseer's pictures. Besides calling the dog the lurcher, Scrope describes it as the Scotch and also as the Irish greyhound, but this occurs in his descriptions of various forests, which, in most cases, have evidently been derived from other sources, in some cases the owners; and with their descriptions come their names for the dogs they used. Sometimes they preferred terriers, in others collies, and at that time in Jura they coured and killed the unshot at deer with the rough deerhounds. Up to 1848 certainly grouse were of very little importance compared to sheep, but a very great change soon occurred, for the wool brought from Australia glutted the market, and if it had not been that the fashion for grouse shooting grew into a rage, and that the rents increased with it, the Scots landowners would not have known what to do with their heather ground.

The last Duke of Gordon had a very fine breed of working dogs. The kennel, it is said, was formed before the battle of Waterloo; at any rate, the sale of the dogs after the Duke's death in 1837, and the prices they made, show that grouse dogs were highly valued at that time. The inference, of course, is that grouse moors were even then equally highly valued and paid for. Tattersall's sold eleven of the Duke's dogs after his death, and these made 417 guineas. Most of the kennel had been previously disposed of; and it is worth noting that the Duke of Richmond, who succeeded the last Duke of Gordon in title and estates, was a purchaser at the sale. But in spite of the increasing value of grouse shooting, the preservation of grouse was not in the least studied or understood. Vermin was only just beginning to be killed down, and the lists of birds and beasts of prey slaughtered in the forties and fifties are enough to make one ask how grouse could possibly have existed. Wild cats, falcons, and carrion

crows certainly were far more plentiful than grouse, and the wonder is as to what they could have found to feed upon. Heather-burning was not unknown, of course, but it was not practised for the benefit of grouse; so that when the heather was purposely set on fire, a whole hillside might as easily be destroyed as an acre or two—in fact, much more easily—and with this destruction, of course, that hillside would be rendered absolutely useless for years. The burning of heather in strips was not practised regularly before the sixties, and in many places it was not even understood in the seventies, and there are moors on which, even now, the burning is done in a manner which suggests that the keepers think that anything will do.

Heather-burning has constituted the only change in the method of grouse preservation in Scotland since the fifties (with the exception, of course, of the previously noted great destruction of vermin), until about 1880, when driving grouse began to be practised to a limited extent. This has been very helpful in increasing the stock, by enabling the moor owners and their tenants to regulate the stock of birds left for breeding. Before, the wildness of the birds, contributed to by the badness of the weather, settled how many birds should be left, and generally arranged that all the old birds which had not bred the year before should be left to try again. Perhaps they did, but it is generally believed that they greatly interfered with the prospects of the others; at any rate, the practice in Scotland now is to kill the first half of the grouse over dogs and the second half by driving. It is worth remark that this second half would

not have been killed at all before driving came in, and so the bag is added to. Whether or no more birds are bred in consequence, it is more difficult to be certain of, although we can be certain that if equal numbers were bred, they could not be killed without driving. Still in 1872 the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh killed 440 birds to his own gun in one day near Aberfeldy, and it is doubtful whether this bag has been exceeded in Scotland even by driving. The 1,670 brace of grouse killed at Moy Hall this season, in four days, is a little over 400 brace a day for the whole party. The MacKintosh kills his grouse entirely by driving, but, great as his success has been in bringing numbers to bag in a week, I do not know whether it has been greater, or so great, for the season as that of some of those who shoot over dogs first and then drive when the birds get too wild for them. By this plan it is not necessary to shoot long reckless shots, and really the fashion set by gunners of the early part of the century, to kill almost all the shots they fired, in the open, ought to be cultivated again, now that there is no excuse whatever for shooting long wounding shots for the pot. It is perhaps a little difficult to have two entirely different standards; one for covert shooting, where many half chances must be taken, and another for shooting over dogs, where the only difficulties are the bad walking and the long shots. The great idea of modern shooters seems to be to get their guns off as often as possible, on the principle of the more chances the more kills. But over dogs at least the old ideal was the better; it was to kill what one shot at.

ARGUS OLIVE.



BOOK II.—GOYAULT.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEAD EAGLE.

THE hour of Goyault's coming was but a lull. The storm returned to spend itself in double fury, with black clouds that lowered and gaped in fire, black hurtling water underneath, and all the air gone mad with screaming winds. While the dying twilight yet lingered, Goyault, torn with unsettled purpose, took his way without the castle walls. He craved to be alone with his doubts and dreams. His outlook on the world was hostile, which troubled him; the world was an old friend with whom he had had but little falling-out before. But this predicament left him at cross-purposes with every easy code of life that heretofore had served him very well.

He wandered along the broken heights above the sea. To force his way against the storm midst soaking grass and wind-flung briars that laced his sides with thorns, to face the pelting rain, to draw an angry pleasure from the contest with the gale—all these things met his humour and gave escape and rest from clamorous thought.

He would rest betimes and review the whole uncertain project of to-morrow—decide how to deal with claims and aims that waged this same sore conflict in his soul.

At length, worn out with struggling in the gale's teeth, he crept under a tall thicket in a fold of rock; thick summer foliage sheltered him, and within an arching of dry old branches gave him air and space. He rested on a jutting stone, his head upon his hands. And as the stress of breathing passed, the waiting question and uncertainty sprang on him and shook him. But by degrees that also passed away, and, in a drowsy sweet exhaustion, Algitha and all her nameless attributes of charm, thoughts past, present, and to come, of which she formed the core, so led him on, that he was quickly lost to all but tender musing on that endless theme. Her swift faint smiles, the pink finger-nails with their dawning moons, a straying lock that clung about her ear, the queenlike column of her white throat as she glanced at Gauthier in the hall—Algitha, Algitha! each recollection seemed to be more overfilled with aching sweetness than the last.

So deep was Goyault drowned in such imaginings that he forgot the raging turmoil of the gale. The sea roared hoarsely as it shocked and strained against the hundred-pointed rocks below, and mingling with its voice another cry resounded amongst the wild lashing of all created things. Harsh screams that jarred, one close upon another in quick convulsive riot, and then ceased, only to rise again when a fresh agony of rage or struggle woke.

For a time Goyault heard them dimly and they harassed him, shaking him almost from the dear oblivion of his dream. Then, in the pause he would sink back into his languorous thoughts. At length the noises touched his consciousness. Like one who wakens from a sleep he stretched out his arms and listened. Upon

the instant the wind dropped to gather force for a fiercer onslaught, and in the lull he heard those jagged, creaking screams and a wild fluttering near at hand.

The hunter's instinct roused him. Moving noiselessly, he crept from his harbourage, following the sound; but it died suddenly and left him clinging on an open scarp of hill. He looked upwards at the sky, where behind the flying wrack a dull radiance gleamed, and against the gleam a group of blown pines shivered. From a deep brake of underbrush at their feet, as Goyault looked, two red eyes flared at him across the dark.

In those old days men feared many things; all that was unknown, mysterious, and obscure, and much that could be called by none of these names, only the common facts of daily life wrapt for the moment in some disguise of myth or circumstance or dream. So Goyault leaned against the wind upon a halting foot, and waited for the moon. And the red eyes glimmered balefully upon him.

Presently a torn rag of cloud let out the light he waited for, and then he saw the eyes were set within a shallow head, the head of some great bird wind-struck into the thicket and there held imprisoned by brambles and rank inwoven thorns and foliage. The man worked round, and climbing up the hill slid down among the pines, and so coming upon the prisoner unaware, he caught the taloned feet and bound them straight. Then there was hurled upon him a frenzied resistance of wing and beak, a vicious gash torn open in his hand, as he sought to capture this prize alive; but the wild bird could not yield, it tried a hundred tricks and slips of warfare, making its desperate defence till Goyault, worn out and angry, wrung its neck.

The rift had widened in the heavens, and Goyault saw his captive clearly, a great eagle with a broken wing, lying dead upon the sodden grasses of the slope. He stood and looked upon it with a shock of strange remorse. He had slain the noble bird to glut a flush of rage. Repentance stirred within him, and all the heaviness of ill-omened acts. Always in his own mind he had held the eagle to be Karadac's true emblem. And the storm had seized it, and flung it bruised and spent with broken wing upon the shore, helpless to regain its liberty. There he, Goyault, had found it, and when it fought for right and freedom had foully slain it.

What but evil could the thing portend? God's tempest had blown on Karadac; and had he not too been flung, spent, wounded, undone on that dim shore called blindness, and in his pain had called upon Goyault for succour! and how had Goyault answered him? With deception and false oaths and secret enmity. The watcher on the hillside hid his face in his hands, and a horror of himself and of his shame should he betray his oath came over him. Old friendship surging up put to silence the new sweet song of love. Karadac had lost all save love, and that also Goyault had hoped to win from him. Oh vile! vile! vile!

In the contrition of the moment Goyault was ready to give up all. Pity for Karadac, hurt almost to death by the overwhelming loss, appealed to him in an agony of emotion. Under the guise of the dead eagle his friend seemed to lie there done to death. Old times, old confidence, old forgotten words crowded back upon him, killing hope but raising up into a quick and vivid life that seed of nobleness which lay ready to blossom in a noble deed. Alas! some poor sinners cannot sin comfortably, and of these Goyault was one.

Leaving the dead bird where it lay, he turned back to Jobourg, driven thither by a sudden decision. He was Karadac's friend, he was his sworn man, but it was as neither of these that he thrust impatiently onward, impelled by a strong resolve. No, he saw in himself a self-devoted sacrifice, ready to renounce life and more than life for the sake of the trust reposed in him.

Through the dusk the fiery, reproachful eyes of the eagle seemed to follow him; and yet it was the fierce gaze of Karadac. He could not reason, but there was a terrible analogy in his thoughts between its fate and that of Karadac. Goyault would fain have saved the bird alive, and yet had killed it. The idea spurred him to quick effort, lest by some hideous mischance the type might fulfil itself. Driven by his impulse he rushed on, speaking aloud.

"To-morrow I may be dead! Aye, I will be dead. I will die in the slaying of this Gauthier, and in the after-years perhaps she will remember sometimes"; and the thought of his own martyrdom was half-sweet and half-terrible by turns. "If it had been any other, not Karadac," he groaned. "O Christ, my woe, my misery!"

Yet to die for her, to save her, was something. That had indeed seemed a little less than nought a short while past, but with the human rendering of changeable moods proportion alters, and this or that seems great or small as the lights shift within the soul. And with Goyault the lights, though always clear, were all too apt to shift.

He must see Algitha once more and speak with her, and afterwards it was his plan to bid her a life's farewell. For if he survived the conflict in the lists, it was his intent to take ship and cross the seas to fight God's battle in the Holy Land. His would be no plain-said farewell; he would take his leave in veiled words which in the aftertime she might recall and read out their sad meaning through her tears, in the long future endless afternoons.

The thought was very comforting, and upheld him bravely for a space. Yes, he must win speech of her, but how? Each difficulty in his path allured him. In certain phases of feeling men and women take a strange pleasure in picturing out the scenes in which they are about to act a part; they see themselves saying and doing that which they design through a mist of fancy, which heightens all effects to the level they would have them rise to. So Goyault beheld a fair scene and a sad, and the tears stung his eyes, although it was painted only on the air.

As he climbed the steep by Jobourg, he looked upwards at the piled bulk of the castle towering above. All was densely black there, but about the wooden building by its side he saw a scattering of wind-smitten lights that now glowed to steady flame, now flickered back to broken luminance. Goyault stood below the shoulder of the castle where was her window, lit with a dim flame, and someone leaned low upon the sill, with long hair fluttering like vine-tendrils in the breeze.

Before a word was spoken, Goyault knew who this lone watcher was, and as a sudden wind blows a low-hanging cloud to fragments, so was his high mood shattered by the sight of her.

Love conquers all, or why were men born young?

A whisper fell upon him from above, and he answered it.

"It is I, Goyault. Sir, I would speak with you, but I cannot come to you. Yet there is hold for a crafty foot in these rough timbers—"

There was no need to answer, only softly to find the crevices until he reached a jutting ledge of beam which held the wooden framework to the tower wall.

So he stood beneath the window, and kissed the sweet hair that blew about his face. Stolen kisses, and he would have laid his life the girl knew nothing of them, but when he was gone, and they had said good-night at length, Algitha gathered up her long tresses in her hands and pressed them to her breast, her eyes, her mouth, murmuring to the unheeding night, which kept her maiden secret unrevealed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUR OF GOYAULT.

So they stood awhile in silence, and be sure neither was aware of lack of speech. The half-hidden moon peering down, the booming sea, the rain-steeped perfume of the wind, the very creaking of the wooden wall when strong gusts beset it—all these had tongues that told of meeting and romance, the beauty and loneliness of the hour, of fears and tremulous hopes, and more than all the thousand subtle fantasies each man and woman draws from outer things to mingle with some tender inmost dream; each has his own, separate,

suggestive only to one heart and therefore doubly dear, in that supremest hour while love remains unspoken yet imminent upon each moment's lip.

Presently Algitha laughed, a little joyous trill of sound. Happiness speaks so.

"You have been wandering in the rain," she said.

"Aye, lady, for my heart is full of thoughts."

"Of Gauthier and his heavy arm, and that lack-humour eye! Are you afraid, Goyault?"

She had withdrawn herself within the window, but with the laughing question leaned forth again.

Goyault raised up his face so that the dim light fell upon it, and he smiled.

"Gauthier is a mighty man of war, and it may go hard with me to vanquish him, but I thought not of him."

"Of whom then did you think, Lord of Gros-Nez?"

"Of—of you, lady."

She bent over him, and he could see the rose upon her cheek.

"Your voice is sad. Did you wish you had not embarked upon this wild adventure for my sake?"

"Of that I will let my denial rest until the morrow. I can best prove my knighthood and my earnest vow upon the field."

"Then why did you think of me?"

"Because I could not help it, as I believe." But he was sad again, and lacked a lover's fire.

"Good saints, dear lord, how heavy a fate is yours! 'Tis not enough to put your life in peril for one poor maiden, but you must waste your hours in thought of—"

"Her—"

"No—the hardship of your case! Better far to ponder on the methods of this great Gauthier, who takes hard blows like a jellyfish, and allows his huge bulk—or so my father says—to fight half his battles for him."

"Thanks, lady; that will I remember, as I pray Heaven to his hurt, to-morrow."

"Well, your thoughts of me—" harking back.

But Goyault interposed. He could not tell her how they ran.

"And of the Count, Karadac of Gersay, who would fain be here to help me to defend your name."

Algitha drew back, and leaning upon the side of the casement asked:

"What is he like, your Count?"

"Like? Like some great eagle!" and he spoke like one proud of the object of his praise.

Algitha sighed.

"I'm glad he did not come. I like a man who bears resemblance to his own kind, not to fish or beast or bird."

Goyault had lost his cunning with her sex because he loved her.

"Karadac is a peerless knight," he urged. "Long-limbed and stately, strong and supple too as the leopards on his shield."

"They have said I am a witch because I will not love,"

Algitha responded, "but if Count Karadac were my suitor with an advocate so warm as my lord Goyault, he surely had prevailed to move my will."

Here was the moment to strike home, the golden moment he might have prayed for; it was the crisis of his life come out against him armed with a woman's glance and her all-cancelling smile. Honour and temptation joined issue in his breast. The keenness of that conflict burned in him; to be true to himself, to Karadac, meant uncounted loss, but to fail of all his oaths—

None can say how that struggle might have ended—in self-mastery, it may be—but Algitha broke the spell of silent strife.

"Yourself has brought me to the subject," she said, vehemently, "Lord Goyault, on which I would question you before you answer for me at the lists. Is it to this Karadac that I owe my champion? In his good charity he has sent the flower of his following to take up my cause. Thus they have said in the hall. If this be so—nay, listen to me, for I know what I would say—then get you home to Gersay back again and leave me to my fate!"

"Lady, hear me, I cannot go!"

"Have I no word on it? I say you shall! I will not have Karadac's champion, or Karadac's mercy!"

"I offer neither. I offer but myself."

"You—you do not care—praising your Count. I hate your Count! But you, your life is full; some lady waits for your return across the sea. A bear's death, or to break a girl's heart—pastimes both—'tis all you care for—what matters it? Go, I have heard enough! No more, I pray of you."

"Lady, hear me." But she had gone from the casement. Then, raising himself upon his hands, he spoke masterfully.

"You shall hear me, and I will not go!"

She swept back to view with a scornful question.

"Are you afraid of this Eagle Count of yours?"

Algitha was above him, mirrored in the flame-born dusk of her chamber.

Then Goyault forgot Karadac, forgot all, the sweet love-potency sweeping through him.

"I know no fear save one, that is to lose—to lose—" He

dared not say the one small word that centred all his fear, but added lamely: "Your cause, if I might tilt for you."

"Answer me truly, Lord Goyault. Had this Karadac never been born, would you have come?"

"Yes, yes."

"Of your own self you came?" She stooped over him.

"Of myself I came. I saw your picture, but I needed no reminder. Your face has lived with me these two years past. I heard your need, and slacked nor rein nor oar until I found myself in Grenezay. This is God's truth."

She stooped over him, a vision of flushed maidenhood. The darkness was her background.

"Well, I will believe you. But, though sore my need, I could accept only that knight who gave himself. No deputy could achieve my vindication, and never was more need than mine. I could not tell you if I tired of my long watching and heart-sickness when no answer came. The raving of the tempest nigh drove me mad, it cut off hope. And then Sir Gauthier de Morlaix came to me to mock me in my sorrow and my shame, for 'tis shame when none will undertake a maiden's cause. He was here beside me when, across the break of sunlight on that water, I saw your sail. And I knew—I knew that it was yours!"

"You knew?" cried Goyault with hot high heart.

Alghitha drew back and bethought herself.

"I thought it might be—and it was! Never was more need than mine."

And from the dark her lover's voice replied:

"Never was greater joy than mine! You were not disappointed, Lady Alghitha?"

"Nay, there was none other for whose coming I had hoped. All say that Gauthier is invincible—you will never know how much I hate him! Yet when he heard your name—for I flung it at him like his own challenge—I thought he grew graver than his stupid wont. Oh! it was good, good to see you come!" With shining eyes and parted lips she thanked him.

And Goyault, looking at her, knew it was his hour. Time and diversity of circumstance do not matter, the story is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. We love and are beloved, let all the world go hang!

"I thank Heaven that you had need of me, for, need or no, one day I should have come and found perchance no greeting for a forgotten face?" He raised his head towards the light, and she saw the wet curls dark upon his brow; and the mother moved in her or those anxious eyes that craved assurance from her.

Alghitha made no reply in words. She smiled, but that fulfilled his need. And in her heart she cried, "Goyault! Goyault! Mine! My knight and lord standing between me and all the past and all the world," and a faint echo added, "All the future!"

Because she was so fair, he dared not look again, but turned his face seawards, and the salt wet winds brought with the scent of heather and of grass a vision of his own moorland castle of Gros-Nez. A lover's foremost wish is often to carry his beloved to his boyhood's haunts, and happy he who thereby makes her sharer of his dreams. None know how much that means save he who fails.

So Goyault, with the sea wind in his eyes, gave utterance:

"I would that we could see the Tower of Gros-Nez; it lies out there before us in the night upon the shore of Gersay. It is my castle, and some call it desolate, for I am lord of all the bleak north island. Great empty flats of moor and gorse cover it, and behind, in ranks, the forest stands. But on the seaward side there are gaunt cliffs with teeth and claws that rend the ocean and withstand its power; nor enemy can set foot upon that shore or scale its heights. Unsubdued my frontier, and would hold the treasure which I gave into its keeping against all assault. I would I could show you that old keep upon its crags, for nowhere blows the keen west wind as stinging sweet as from the mighty ocean of sun-setting. It hums about the battlements on winter nights, a sentinel who calls 'All's well!' Free in a free land, with horse and hound to pleasure you—would you go thither, lady?" The words were out before he knew.

"Free! I would that I were free. I have been a prisoner and an exile for so long—since first we saw Gauthier de Morlaix's sallow face among King Edward's courtiers. If prisoners are free within your castle, then I fain would go there," said the girl, but her heart was throbbing in her throat.

"You would be no prisoner, but a queen! God grant that we may sail on some bright summer morning across the green and living glory of the sea. And—and—but these are dreams. The cause is yet to win—yet have no fear, dear lady, I will not fail you."

"Nay," she whispered back, "I have none. Go, my champion, go rest well and long, and to-morrow thrust down my enemy before you."

But Goyault only murmured: "Must I go?"

And in the warm and blowing summer dusk, his hand sought hers and held it close. Thus she learned that he was wounded

by the eagle's beak, and must needs find linen and soft wrappings for the wound.

How can such tales be told? Shy glances and broken words, that mean at once nothing and so much! The touching of hands and thrills of tenderness; and once a vagrant curl blew out upon his face and was prisoned in his lips. The light waned within her chamber, yet they lingered in soft, inconsequent talk, to which the moment lends both eloquence and translation.

His hand had strayed once more to hers; he pressed it on his brow, and saw a future. Alghitha! There was no possibility of a future save with her. Golden-haired Alghitha with the tender voice, her hand in his, her kiss upon his lips for ever and for ever, undying, starlit love like this! His fierce avowal answered even as he would have it answered. The two alone, agreed, and round them the warm world and night.

Sorrow and hardship became but names at her dear side. How they would talk, how they would dream, how they would live, how they would die! Death had no fears for him; rather death was a friend, provided his cold voice called out their names together, so they might pass hand in hand across his borders.

It was Goyault's hour. The hour when his rose had no thorn. The more glorious future glowed ascending from the glorious present. The past?—That was not he, that pale shadow of himself which lived in his remembrance. Life had begun to-night!

He stood within a radiance which must fade. Humanity soars but for brief flights; so pure and rare the air, we may not breathe it long. Goyault came back to earth and kissing and he found both earth and kissing good.

And so he left her, but he could not sleep, being afire with the tremulous sweetness of glances interchanged.

And across the rushing Channel Karadac tossed in his fever dreams and babbled of the name of Alghitha.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN "The Journal of a Jealous Woman" (Nisbet), as in "The West End," Mr. Percy White has adopted the diary form of narrative, and he has carried it out with no common measure of success. Perhaps, however, he will pardon one who believes in his capacity for adding an expression of hope that, in his next novel, he will abandon this form. It is not in itself a bad method; it is admirably suited to the serial form in which so much of our modern fiction appears, and it has been used with great success by Miss Elinor Glyn in "The Visits of Elizabeth," and by Mr. F. C. Phillips long ago in "As in a Looking-Glass." But, on the one hand, it has a way of growing upon a writer in such fashion that it drives him into a groove and weakens by want of exercise his natural powers of composition and construction;



F. Olo.

TIME FOR A REST.

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and, on the other hand, it distinctly does not grow upon the reader. I do not want to see the time come when the average reader, having a new book by Mr. Percy White recommended to him, will say "I am tired of the diary novel, and it is sure to be that."

Our diarist in this case is Beatrice Durham, a young woman placed in a very peculiar position. The orphan child of a philosophical but fairly affluent father who believed in the rights of woman, she has been left in possession of half her father's property, and of a beautiful house in Kensington with an acre of garden, priceless for building purposes, and last, but not least, sole guardian of her young brother Billy, who is what is commonly called a handful. In Chapter II. Billy reveals that he has been "hoofed out" (as he neatly puts it) from his Army tutor's, and a Mr. Buxted of Brazenknob is recommended as his tutor. "Unluckily, on the 26th of April, he met with a bicycle accident (he is rather short-sighted, and ran into a cart-wheel), and we have just heard that he must lay up (*sic*) for at least six weeks." Mr. Percy White, of course, knows English better than this, but it was hardly good art to allow Beatrice Durham, the deeply read and cultivated young woman, to talk in this very ignorant language. But let that pass.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Buxted has "laid up" all the rest of the trouble involved in writing the book, which must have been considerable, and in reading it, which is not worth mentioning, by his accident; for one Helder, whom he desired to employ as substitute, has allowed himself to be corrupted by Arthur Thorold, a young man of fashion, the object being that Thorold shall play at "tutoring" Billy, and that he shall make love to Beatrice. It is realised, and in the long run, after many objections from the family, and after some distinctly funny scenes in which Billy plays the part of the heavy father, Beatrice Durham becomes Beatrice Thorold. She is not married long before disillusionment begins. Thorold is "casual," cynical, fond of admiration, a philanderer with pretty women. He resigns his appointment as secretary to a company in Queen Victoria Street, and starts a newspaper, the *Drum*, "A little journalistic invention of mine own, so innocently silly that no self-respecting idiot of either sex can afford to do without it." Need it be said that Thorold wants Beatrice to put her money in the venture, that she refuses at first, having been warned by her uncle that it is a wild-cat scheme, that they are estranged, and that she consents later.

The matter-of-course consequence, and the far more common one in daily life, would be the failure of the paper, and the consequent disappearance of Thorold and Beatrice from Society, either into squalor and discontent, or to a cottage and a dinner of herbs where love is, in proverbs at any rate. The consequence in the story is the triumphant success of the *Drum*, which gives an opportunity for playful and not too bitter satire upon the methods of cheap and popular journalism, with numerous suggestions of recent *coups* and scandals; and very well done this part of the book is. Then, as for the philandering of Arthur, it is endless. He is not a man really of uncommon type; that is to say, he loves his wife at bottom, and he adores his children, but he has no conscience to speak of, and he simply cannot help making love to every pretty woman whom he meets; and Beatrice, to whom circumstances and the trickery of another woman often make incidents look worse than they are, has every cause for jealousy. Finally, Thorold, having published in the *Drum* some story of a cock and a bull about an undiscovered city in Central Africa, and, being estranged from Beatrice, goes out on an exploring expedition to Africa to look for the city which he knows not to exist, and returns a broken wreck, to be comforted by Beatrice. That is the story, not too well constructed but admirably told, and full of knowledge of life.

In "Cunning Murrell" (Methuen) Mr. Arthur Morrison has left his original groove of the slums with the happiest results. "Tales of Mean

Streets" and "A Child of the Ghetto" were both of them clever, but depressing. "To London Town" had some country air in it, but also a good deal of gloom. In "Cunning Murrell" there is much tragedy, but also a great deal of humour, and the air (of the Thames estuary) is at least strong and free. In this case I shall not attempt to tell the story, although it is strong and well-knit; but I shall venture to say that it contains quite a wonderful picture of the life of Essex in the late smuggling days, and of a village community where a belief in witchcraft survived, while Cunning Murrell, himself a witch-finder and an almost conscientious wizard, was held in high honour born of fear. In fact, Murrell is a very fine portrait, a characteristic type of an age which has perished, and Dorrily is a very sweet girl of the peasant type. Whether the sketch be true to life I know not, but Mr. Morrison dates his dedication from Loughton in Essex, and the book "reads" as if he had spent time in preparing his facts, and the effect is that scenery and *dramatis personæ* live and move and have their being. What more can be desired?

"Villa Ruben" (Duckworth) is a very readable story, by "John Sinjohn," who will be remembered as the author of "Jocelyn." It is a tale of the love of a large-hearted foreign artist for an English maiden, cursed with a self-h, foppish, foolish, foreign stepfather, and by the absence of her mother's protection, and blessed in the possession of a whimsical but warm-hearted uncle. Briefly, the story is that the stepfather, to prevent the marriage, denounces the artist to the police for an early socialistic escapade, that the uncle (a Jehu from his youth up) rescues the artist after a wonderful drive to the frontier, which costs the uncle his life eventually, and that the last chapter finds artist and heroine happily married in St. John's Wood. That is the story, but the reader must go to it to realise its humour, its pathos, and its individual flavour.

The "Domesticities" of Mr. E. V. Lucas (Smith, Elder) will, it is to be feared, disappoint those who have read the eulogistic leading articles about them. They are fine writing about nothing in particular, but the writing might easily be finer, and the nothing in particular might easily have more point in it. In fact, we have here a number of good "turnover" articles (such as may be found in the *Globe* or the *Evening Standard*) collected into a volume, and there are doubts whether they are worth it. "No pipe is so gracious as that which follows breakfast"; "personally, I like to begin the day's eating with water-cress"; "without marmalade the finest breakfast is incomplete, a broken arc"; "the great charm of treacle is in its transit from the pot to the plate"; "choosing a walking-stick is a serious business"; "the wise tea-maker is suspicious of elaborate paraphernalia." In fact, not even a kindly reference to the joys of the advertisements in *COUNTRY LIFE* can compel me to say more of "Domesticities" than Mr. Lucas himself says of "The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy"—that is to say, that it is, as a whole, or, rather, in small doses, "tolerable fun." An exception, however, must be made in favour of some of the letters quoted in the essay "concerning correspondence." I may quote part of one from a disappointed supporter of an Australian politician:

"Dear Sir,—You're a dam fraud and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the munny either, but you could have got it for me if you wasn't as mean as muk. Two pound a week aint eny moar to me than 40s. shillins is to you, but I objekt to bein' maid an infunil fool of. Soon after you was elected by my hard workin, a feller here wanted to bet me that You wouldn't be in the House moren a week before you maid a ass of yourself. I bet him a Cow on that, as i thought you was worth it then. After i git Your Note sayin you deklined to ackt in the matter i driv the Cow over to the Feller's place an' tole him he had won her." It may encourage purchase to observe that there is more of this letter and that there are others nearly as good.



AT THE THEATRE

FROM Mr. Charles Frohman, in New York, we have received a copy of the handsome "Maude Adams" edition of Mr. Louis N. Parker's admirable translation of Rostand's "L'Aiglon," an example of what a translation of foreign dramatic poetry

into English should be. In its printed form the book differs slightly from the acted version as given with such extraordinary success by Miss Adams and the Empire Theatre company in English, inasmuch as the play on the stage, in its English dress, is somewhat curtailed. It is, however, a replica of the original version in French as performed in Paris by Mme. Bernhardt, and in New York by Mme. Bernhardt and M. Coquelin. The extraordinary success side by side of these two representations is astounding. Together, the receipts have amounted to £9,000 in a week, and Miss Adams has attracted just as many people as the world-famous French artists.

A work by the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac"—which some day, one supposes, a decade, say, after New York has been

privileged to see it in English, London, the capital of the English-speaking peoples, will be allowed to enjoy—a work by M. Rostand claims by right serious contemplation. It is doubtful whether, without extraneous attraction,

"L'Aiglon," any more than "Cyrano," would be a popular success here. It is too long, too discursive, too declamatory. It would have to be ruthlessly pruned. But that does not affect its value as a play; it is only a sidelight on the requirements of English playgoers. There is plenty of drama in it of its own big kind, but the action is almost smothered in language. It is excellent language, that goes without saying. How interesting is this colloquial blank verse:

THE TAILOR: Will these, I wonder, leave your Highness cold? Here's doeskin. Here a genuine Scottish tweed. Bottle-green riding-coat with narrow cuffs; Extremely gentlemanly. Here's a waistcoat: Six-buttoned. Three left open. Very tasty. Now, what about this blue frock-coat? We've rubbed The newness off artistically. Worn With salt and pepper trousers, what a picture!



This, called the *Bouliere* :

Sober, a large Hidalgo-like effect ;
The very thing to woo a Dona Sol in.
Excellent workmanship ; a silver chain ; the collar
Of finest sable ; made in our own workshops ;
Simple, but what a cut ! The cut is everything.

THE DUKE : I might invent—

THE TAILOR : To suit your personal taste ?

O client, soar to fancy's wildest heights !

Speak ! We will follow ! That's our special line ;

Why, we are Monsieur Théophile Gautier's tailors.

The intentional commonplace of it is effective, it gives insight, "atmosphere," if we wanted to use a big word to express a little thing. Can we not see the Royal weakling, the Duc de Reichstadt, son of Napoleon and Marie Louise, discussing clothes with his tailor ? But how much of that sort of thing would an English audience stand ? And there are pages of it in the book. We obtain intimate acquaintance with Metternich, with the Emperor Francis of Austria, with Lord Cowley, English Ambassador to the Austrian Court, with Marie Louise, with Fanny Ellsler, and with other large people of history. They all pass before us. Sometimes a few words, sometimes whole speeches, paint them for us.

The tragedy of it is brought out in a word :

THE YOUNG MAN : Rather I think the malady is yours,
For whence upon you falls this giant's robe ?
Child, whom beforehand they have robbed of glory,
Pale Prince, so pale against your sable suit,
Why are you pale, my Prince ?

THE DUKE : I am his son.

Though Rostand writes of times that are gone, how artistically he avoids archaism. He can suggest the past without "Odd's bodikins." There is the sensitiveness of modernity, but no suspicion of anachronism. The Young Man urges the Duke to action, to France.

THE DUKE : I listened well.

And you were charming as you spoke, but nothing,
No quiver of your voice, told me of France ;
You voiced a craze, a form of literature.

THE YOUNG MAN : I've carried out my mission clumsily ;
Could but the Countess yonder speak !

THE DUKE : No use.

I love the bravery glowing in her eyes,
But that's not France ; that is my Family !
When next you seek me, later, by and by,
Let the call come through some untutored voice,
Wherein rough accents of the people throb ;
Your Byronism is much too like myself.

May we be forgiven one more lengthy quotation ere we leave "L'Aiglon," for in it we find the heart of the story, the tragedy of the young weakling, crushed beneath the grandeur of a name ; our hero who suffers from the taint of Hamlet.

Every day a book.

Locked safe all night I read it. I was drunk !
When it was finished, to conceal my crime,
I tossed it on the tester's canopy,
And there the heap grew, hidden in the darkness ;
I slept beneath a dome of history.
All day the heap lay quiet, but at night,
When I was sleeping, it began to stir,
And from the pages clamorous with battles,
The battles issued, stretching torpid wings ;
And laurels showered upon my slumbering eyes.
Austerlitz gleamed among my curtains. Jena
Glowed in the gilded tassels holding them,

And on a sudden lapsed into my dream.
Till once, when Metternich was gravely telling
His version of my father's history,
Down comes my canopy crushed by the glory ;
A hundred volumes with their fluttering pages
Shouting one name !

It is no poisoned cup of melodrama
That kills the Duke of Reichstadt ! 'Tis his soul !

It is my soul ! it is my name !

That mighty name, which throbs with guns and bells,
Clashes and thunders, ceaselessly reproaches
Against my languor with its bells and guns !
Silence your tocsins and your salvos ! Poison ?
What need of poison in the prison-house ?
I yearn to broaden history !—I am
A pallid visage watching at a window.

Is it not a shame that London lags so far behind when there are plays like this travelling about the world ? And if the reason

is that we have no actress for its hero, so much the better. Let it be played by a man.

THE most important dramatic event of the month occurs on the 23rd instant, when Mr. George Alexander produces the new play, "The Awakening," by Mr. Haddon Chambers. This will be found to be a play of a much stronger fibre than Mrs. Craigie's "The Ambassador" and "The Wisdom of the Wise," though less melodramatic in texture than Mr. Frith's "A Man of Forty," produced lately at the same house. It will approach most closely to "The Idler"—Mr. Chambers's previous St. James's success—in treatment, having a dramatic story told with artistic restraint. It is less purely



Lallie Charles.

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

Titchfield Road, N.W.

a comedy than the same author's "Tyranny of Tears." We await it with anxiety ; we want waking up, shaking up. Mr. Chambers is the man to do it, and that without violating the canons of art.

A portrait, and a very good one too, of Miss Ellis Jeffreys who is achieving so marked a success at the Criterion in one of the best groups of actors and actresses that has been seen on the stage for many a long day. Upon her shoulders falls the main burden of a piece in which Miss Annie Hughes, the unsurpassable Mrs. Calvert, Mr. Bouchier, and Mr. George Giddens are quite at their best, and her acting in it has distinctly added to her reputation as a really ladylike artist.

We all remember M. Louis Tiercelin's admirable little one-act play, "The Sacrament of Judas," in which Mr. Forbes Robertson made so great a success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre some time ago, when he and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were managing that house. The little play was the property of Mrs. Campbell, but she made a present of it to Mr. Robertson on his marriage with Miss Gertrude Elliott. We all said at the time of its production that there was matter in the dramaette for a longer play, and M. Tiercelin has now elaborated it into a four-act piece, which he has entitled "The Cloister." In this we shall see Mr. Robertson and his company directly he has been able to secure a theatre in the West End of London. This theatre might possibly be the Lyceum, if Mr. Charles Frohman decides not to exercise his option on that house,

an arrangement to which we referred a long time ago. Should Mr. Frohman determine to take his company there, we should see Mr. Gillette in the famous American version of the famous English version of "Sherlock Holmes"—a play which, it is said in all modesty, owes its existence to the remarks of the present writer on the suitability of Mr. Gillette to the character of the most marvellous detective the world has ever seen. Perhaps we ought to except some of the heroes of Poe, of Gaboriau, and De Bismobey.

We have not heard any more lately of that most excellent collaboration between M. Tiercelin, one of France's most powerful dramatists, of the one part, and Mr. Louis N. Parker, one of England's most prominent playwrights, of the other part. They were to write plays together, and these plays were to be produced both in England and France, an exceedingly promising scheme, which should have some bearing on the *entente cordiale*. It is to be hoped the idea has not fallen through.

In the autumn of next year Mr. Nat Goodwin, the popular American actor, who is already as popular here, and his company will be seen in an enlarged and reconstructed Comedy Theatre, performing "When we were Twenty-one," an English play by an English dramatist, Mr. H. V. Esmond to wit, which has been one of the really great successes of America during the past year. It has been packing the huge theatres in the various States of the Union, and we hope its success will be duplicated here.

By the way, we are glad to learn that Mr. Esmond has determined to relinquish acting and to become a dramatist entirely. This is not such a cruel remark as it may seem. Mr. Esmond is an actor whom we shall miss terribly; there are some parts in which he is absolutely unapproachable, "sympathetic old men"—to use the stage term—for instance. His Cayley in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as an example. But not only as "old men" has he impressed us. As the young man in "The Masqueraders" and "The Ambassador" he gave a strange attraction and a poetic sensitiveness very magnetic. But no man can really succeed in more than one sphere. Even Shakespeare was not of much account as an actor, and we are justified in hoping that Mr. Esmond, in confining himself to authorship, will fulfil his promise of becoming one of our really big dramatists—will fulfil the promise of "Grierson's Way." The man who could write two such works as "One Summer's Day" and "Grierson's Way"—as opposite as Robertson and Ibsen—has much in him that should out.

It is curious to learn that it is to Mr. Charles Hawtrey that the adaptation by Miss Clo Graves of Kipling's "The Light that Failed" has been entrusted. Mr. Hawtrey is going the way of all comedians. He is growing more and more tragic. He tasted blood with the semi-sympathetic heroes of Mr. Carton, after the eccentricities and the bloodlessness of farce. The sentimental hero of "A Message from Mars" has completed his conversion, and now we are to see him in "The Light that Failed," which, by the way, has already been dramatised in one-act form at the R. yalty. Mr. Hawtrey may make a temporary return to laughter in "The Man from Blankley's," an adaptation of Mr. Anstey's famous *Punch* story, in which he would appear as the gentleman whose sphere in life is to be "hired out" as an aristocratic guest at the dinner parties of the *nouveaux riches*.

PHŒBUS.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL a few days ago wrote to the *Times* a letter which is of great interest to agriculturists. His object was to combat the view of Mr. Strangways that "two-thirds of the rents of the land in the locality are taken out of the district and spent in the towns." Taking his own neighbourhood of Galloway, he makes the following estimate of forced expenditure on the part of an owner whose gross rental amounts to £10,000. We give his bill without making any comment at present on the items. For outlay on buildings, improvements, and repairs on the farms alone, not to mention the mansion, 10 per cent., or £1,000 a year; local rates, £500; tithe, £250—making £1,750 a year out of the gross rental. Next he supposes the landlord to spend six months in town and six in the country, and in that case estimates an expenditure of £300 or £400 a year on his garden, the same on his woods and park, say £500 a year for a residential agent, £600 a year in game preserving, and £450 in income tax, taking altogether £4,000 out of the £10,000, and making no allowance for death duties.

It cannot fail to be instructive to compare this estimate with actual facts such as have been brought forward officially. Some years ago a Blue-book was issued giving particulars of the actual outgoings on a number of the principal estates in the country. Among them is an estate in Wigtownshire which cannot be far from that of Sir Herbert Maxwell. It is larger, as the gross rent actually received in 1892, that is, during the depression, amounted to £34,650, so that the outgoings to keep their proportion ought to be those of the £10,000 manor multiplied by three and a-half. The tithe, according to that scale, should have been over £850; it was really £594. Local rates, however, were proportionately in excess of his estimate, amounting to £2,797, and the cost of management was just under £1,000; the net amount left to the landlord after all outgoings had been paid was £29,114, which does not seem so very unreasonable. Some time ago the writer was speaking to one of the largest landowners in Hampshire, who worked out the figures to show that his return from the land was just sufficient to pay the expenses of the garden and the gamekeepers. In Gloucestershire Lord Fitzhardinge, with a gross rental of about £31,000, has a net annual income of £22,000 to live upon. The Earl of Bective, out of the Bective estate, Underley, gross rent paid £20,650, has about £14,500 left.

Circumstances vary so much that an average is difficult to strike, and would be useless if arrived at. Nor can one quite see the bearing of all this upon absenteeism, the question that gave rise to it. You cannot compel any man to spend his income where it is earned, and those who have tried know very well that it is not always possible to support local tradesmen, who, as a rule, keep short stocks, and have only vague ideas of what they should charge. It is a common practice to add to the price of things because they are going to the mansion, whereas in London no attention whatever is paid to the domicile of the customer. Again, as a number of landlords are either peers or members of Parliament, duty compels them to be a great part of the year in town, and it should not be forgotten that the services they render to the State are voluntary. With farmers the least popular landlord is he who has an agent to collect the rents and so forth and lets the house and shooting, often to a man who neither knows nor cares anything about those whose laborious task it is to make the soil yield a livelihood.

Last year was a noteworthy one in the history of the Shire horse, and this promises to be equally memorable, so that attention is already being directed to the coming sales. Among these, that of Lord Wantage at Lockinge ought to prove remarkable, as not before at a single sale have fifty first-class geldings been offered from the same stud. That will be on February 12th, and on the day following, at the Shafford Stud Farm, St. Albans, the same auctioneer will offer fifty animals from the well-known stud of Sir Blundell Maple. A large proportion of them are well-known Shires, such as Pioneer VII., bought from Lord Rothschild, a colt out of Cui Bono by Prince Harold, and the mares Cui Bono, Stanney Commotion, Grand Duchess, Victori Queen, Saxon Talent, Chilwick Lottie, and Kathleen. On February 19th will be held an equally important sale of the Sires of Mr. P. A. Munz, M.P., which will include some of the best-known stallions in that famous stud. These are but one or two of the more important sales, but a number of others are fixed, so that events in the Shire horse world are likely to be of a lively interest during the weeks to come.

The animal food imports for 1900, enumerated in the monthly trade and navigation returns, will repay some study, as they seem to point to various changes in the foreign and colonial food supply. Of course the falling off in the number of cattle and sheep imported can be very easily explained by the closing of our ports to Argentine livestock, but some of the other items are curious. More fresh beef and more salt, but less mutton; more fresh but less salt pork; much less bacon and fewer hams; more preserved meat and more unenumerated, summarise one part of the returns. But there is no falling off in the small animals of the curtilage and farmyard. Rabbits have come in greater quantity than ever, the supply from Belgium falling short, but the increase from Australia more than makes up for it. Eggs show an increase of 707,682, great hundreds, and poultry and game, which are only given in value, not in quantity, are increased by £225,000. In dairy products, however, one or two notable changes have taken place, the most important being a decrease in our importation of butter and margarine. This is due to a falling off on the part of America and Canada, the trade being still a going one with Denmark, Australia, and New Zealand. We have, however, been consuming far more foreign cheese and condensed milk.

BREAD AND CHEESE.

A YEOMAN'S BALLAD.

If there be one who hears my song that's tramped it, trudged it, plodded it,

Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, a mighty Saxon he!
He'll own that all the gods could give, in this fare they've embodied it,

Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, a solid Saxon he!
And there's not a finer tavern than the hedgerow for such bait,
And the churl he is no Saxon if he sigh for knife and plate—
Let him break the goodly Quartern, let him bite the Gloucester straight—

Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, an honest Saxon he!
When overhead in dewy skies old England's lark is twittering,
Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, a jovial Saxon I!

And all about the good green fields the gossamer is glittering,
Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, right happy Saxon I!

O, then's the time and there's the place my soul can breathe and feel,
Beneath an ancient oak tree, that's the place I eat my meal,
With the bright-eyed tawny squirrels snatching crumbs beside my heel—

Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, a bonny Saxon I!
Be hedgerows filled with fern and rose, or decked in winter's icicles,

Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, all sturdy Saxons we!
Come, gallants, from your city-ways, on foot or on swift bicycles,
Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, all stalwart Saxons we!

And far away from cramping streets, from traffic's madding din,
Along our breezy high-roads you shall swing or you shall spin,
Just to taste our bread and cheese, sirs, at the first sweet country inn,

Ho, cheerily, sing merrily, all true-blood Saxons we!
HAROLD BEBBIE.

ON THE GREEN.

THEY have had some queer doings lately at that little-known green of Burntisland, which used to fall more in our way when the route to St. Andrews was by the ferry across the Forth than it does now that we take another and a pleasanter course by the Forth Bridge. On one and the same day Mr. Welch, a very fine player, who would be more known to fame if he did not confine the greater part of his energies to the glorious but rather remote links of Macrihanish, did the whole course in a score of 79, which makes a new record, and another of the members did one of the most difficult and catchy holes of the course (to be sure it was a short one) in a single stroke. The history of golfing coincidences, if one had the materials, would be an interesting one, and would reveal some surprises. Perhaps every history of coincidences would make startling reading. In a small way, a very remarkable coincidence happened at Westward Ho, in the old days when the course started near the Pebble Ridge, and the sixth hole was a single-shot hole over the Cape Bunker. Fine course as Westward Ho is now, there are plenty of people ready to maintain that this old course was better than anything that has been seen there since. However, this may be left to the noble army of *laudatores temporis acti*, which is a numerous one in the golfing world. This

old sixth hole had a hog's-backed bank before it, and no' a straight hog's back, but one that slanted perilously to a bunker on the right. On the left lay a rush bed, and beyond the hole a deep bad bunker. So altogether it was no easy hole to lie close to, though a long driver could reach it with a cleek. Its difficulty is proved by the fact that never in all the years that it was played was it done in a single stroke, except on one day, when two players did it in one, one of the players being the late Matthew Allan, a first-class professional, and the other a third or fourth class amateur. It is not very easy, perhaps, to match this in the history of coincidences, either in golfing affairs or others. Mr. Welch, the Burntisland record-maker, used to be one of the very best University players at a date when the Universities did not bother themselves about golf as they do to-day. If we mistake not, Mr. Welch was a member of the first Cambridge team that met Oxford when the Universities used to play the Inter-University match at Wimbledon.

Nicholls has gone back to America without having had very much chance of letting us see the real quality of his game. A certain lurid light is thrown on the way that the professionals are treated in America by a story going about to the effect that Nicholls cabled to America saying he had been badly treated at Romford, the sum and substance of his plaint being that he had to take his luncheon in the shop instead of taking it with the members in the club-house. It is hardly likely that the story is true; but whether it be true or not, the fact that it seems to have no inherent absurdity to the American mind shows a quaint state of things over there. Indeed, it is said that Vardon habitually lunched with the club members during his tour in America. Vardon is a very good fellow; but probably no one would be more conscious than he that he would not be quite in place lunching with the members of the Royal and Ancient Club in the club-house. To us the notion is ludicrous. But America is a democratic country, and perhaps Vardon's golfing talent is equivalent to a patent of aristocracy. But how can we expect a raw young Scotsman to keep his head if he is treated on these lines when he goes a-golfing in the States? Vardon, we hear, is going to make the States his home. It is a statement unauthenticated, as it comes to us, but only too likely to be true; and "pity 'tis 'tis true." But who is to blame him? And who, at the rate that America seems disposed to reward his talents, would dissuade him from making such a big haystack while the sun shines?

GEORGE HERBERT'S . . . MEDLAR.

THE garden shown in our illustration is that of a poet, "cool, calm, bright." It is situated at Bemerton, near Salisbury, where George Herbert was curate nearly three hundred years ago. A very suitable place to one of his tastes it looks now. The rectory, a fine old building, parts of which remain as they were in Herbert's time, stands right up to the road in the old-fashioned style, without a morsel of garden or iron railing to shut it off from the traffic. Behind the rectory a garden fair slopes gently down to the bank of the river Avon, that here flows softly and noiselessly past. Quite poetic the whole thing, only it has a prose side in the long summer Sundays, when people come up in boats from Salisbury, and may anchor, as it were, almost within the precincts of the garden. It will be seen that the famous medlar shows signs of old age, though of a green one. Prone on the earth, propped and bandaged, cared for lovingly by many generations. When we were there in November, the old butler who did the honours of the place produced some of the year's fruit in excellent condition, for, as the fair Rosalind

hath it, "You'll be rotten ere you be half-ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar." The proper term for this condition is "bletted," and "bletting" means the slow decay of ripe fruits, applied specially to fruits which are eatable only when they reach the stage of incipient decay. But probably those who first planted this medlar thought less of the fruit than of the ornamental beauty of this interesting and long-lived shrub, which used to be allotted a more honourable place than it enjoys among the crowd of modern novelties. It is not at all difficult to cultivate, and, indeed, in some parts of England it grows wild in woods and hedges; and in pleasure grounds, where it is prized for the white flower it produces in spring, it is usually grafted on the white thorn. Needless to say, however, our interest in the specimen before us is only to a slight degree horticultural. In great measure it arises from association with a poet whose works appear to be written almost for the express purpose of being read in a green and leafy garden. And, then, anything that has lasted out three centuries is entitled to claim attention on its own account. Bemerton, it may be added, is well worth a visit by lovers of the poet. There is the prettiest little church, scarce fit to hold more than a round score or so of people, having Herbert's initials, with a date, cut into the wall. There are verses of his over the rectory door too, by the by, and altogether the place is just such a shrine as one would expect the author of "The Temple" to worship at.



THERE has been a little discussion during the week on the change which has taken place in the type of foxhound. It seems to me that any argument based on old pictures must be as a rule liable to error. Many painters of animals had very little knowledge of the foxhound. Many of the representations were entirely conventional. The people who hunted the fox in early days lived in the country; the people who read books and enjoyed sporting prints dwelt in the towns. The artists had to draw up or down to the conventional idea of the hound and the huntsman, just as it is said that in Oriental scenes the British public expect that a palm tree shall be introduced. If, on the other hand, we turn to those painters who understood how to draw hounds, we shall find that several different types existed, some of these being much like the modern hound, and some differing a good deal. Such men as Marshall (1767-1835) drew hounds which, except that they were slightly heavier in build than ours, would pass muster at the present day. So again, Merkin depicted as a model foxhound in Daniel's "Rural Sports," might stand for the portrait of many a modern hound. In the year 1891 or thereabouts, I had a bitch named Lavish from the Old Puckeridge pack, which was the exact counterpart of Merkin, save that she was darker in colour. There were, in fact, many different kinds of hounds, according as the

pack was derived from the old stag-hound or the old harrier, or from various crosses. The type of hound up to the close of the eighteenth century remained the same in family packs. In these the hounds were carefully bred to valued types, and there was not much change. But besides the regular packs there were, all over the kingdom, a large number of trenched packs which were only collected on hunting days and ran at liberty on the other days, much as puppies do at walk now. It is not unreasonable to suppose that these hounds did not always preserve a perfect purity of race. Early in the century two of our leading packs, the Badminton and the Belvoir, were much influenced by the importation from Cheshire of hounds from Mr. George Heron's pack. This pack is known to have been full of Mr. Meynell's sort. These hounds were rich coloured, with rather bloodhound-like heads, and were throaty and, as we should consider, coarsely. But they were introduced by Philip Payne, who had lived with Mr. Heron, into the Badminton kennels, and met with the approval of the sixth Duke of Beaufort, of Mr. Horlock ("Scrutator"), and of Nimrod himself. A quicker method of hunting and the desire for pace brought a new principle of selection, and slow hounds were drafted, whatever their other good qualities. A pack is not made fast by having some speedy hounds, but because all the pack are about equal in this respect. For the general type



A RELIC OF THE PAST.

the standard was set early in the last century, and since then the changes have been in details; the modern pack has a better average of feet, better shoulders, better put on necks, and is straighter. About 1850 or thereabouts many packs seemed to lose substance and bone. The Belvoir, Mr. Lane-Fox, William Long at Badminton, and the Smiths of Brocklesby had plenty of stout hounds, and their blood began to prevail. In our day the prevalence of certain leading strains of blood is gradually displacing the various types, and I should say that we had not so much changed as unified the type of hound we use. If any reader will look at the picture by Mr. Nightingale of Belvoir Gambler, and compare this with the portraits by Mr. Culbert Bradley of the Duke of Beaufort's Vaulter and the Duke of Rutland's Dexter, he will see what I mean.

I have some hunting, but I am saving that up till the end, and in the meantime I think the following letter from a correspondent in the provinces is worth noticing: "You will probably have spare time during the frost. Will you, through COUNTRY LIFE, ask people to keep their dogs tied up when hounds are out in their neighbourhood, and appeal to Masters of Hounds to have their earths better stopped? I live in a rather difficult woodland country, and I believe we have plenty of foxes, but no sooner do hounds find one than it pops underground. Of course, I know good stopping is difficult in such a country, but I have been turning over my uncle's and predecessor's diary, and I find that very few foxes went to earth then. They had an earth stopper—was that the reason?" I think it was, but I do not believe we shall ever see the earth stopper again as a regular institution.

The probability of the resignation of Captain Burns-Hartopp has been fully discussed at Melton. No one wishes it. Indeed, it is a terrible misfortune to the hunt to lose him. I cannot even imagine what the committee will do.

The death of Lord Leconfield removes from among the list of Masters of Hounds one of the few who kept hounds entirely at their own expense. Lord Leconfield hunted a difficult country with great success, and he will be much missed by the members of his hunt. What the future of the country will be it is difficult to say, but it is to be hoped that the hunt will go on.

When the frost suddenly disappeared, and it was certain we should hunt again in a day or two, I had no horses. The legs have stood well this season, but the heavy ground, the regular and unceasing work, and the fact that a busy man has to go out when he can, and therefore cannot choose the nearest fixtures, means much weary road work. The horses looking, therefore, tucked up, I took the opportunity to give them soft food. I believe greatly in giving the digestion, as well as the legs, of a hard-worked hunter a rest. Thus I did not want to take out the horses, and had the good luck to run up against an old Indian comrade in London. The result was that I found myself riding a strange horse in a fresh country on Friday. Every well-read sportsman has read about Mr. Hodgson, the famous Master of the Holderness, and Will Dantz, his huntsman. But in the country itself I had never been. Of course, it was quite different to my expectations. It seems to me that I have spent much time in reading about countries or places I was going to visit, and eventually have had to get rid of all my impressions. Somehow I had pictured the Holderness as being a country of wide flat fields and enormous drains, something like the parts of the Belvoir on the Lincolnshire side. What I did see was a land of gently swelling wolds, with a considerable amount of wood and light plough, divided by very manageable-looking fences indeed. The fixture was Londesborough Avenue, and when I arrived I might have been at Asfordby, or anywhere you like in the Quorn. For there was Lady Hartopp (I had forgotten for the moment she was a Wilson), Lord Cowley, too, was out, and Captain Lingdale. But is it discourteous to say that when I visit a new hunt what I really wish to look at is the pack, not the people? They have a good-looking lot of hounds, about the Belvoir standard of



Photo.

ON THE WAY TO DRAW.

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height, with beautiful shoulders, which they need for their hill country. I was told that they were very full of Belvoir and Brocklesby blood, and that at one time there was a good deal of blood imported from Lord Henry Bentinck's kennel. The men and the field were very well mounted. There were some horses out that would have made not a few heads turn had they been seen at the covert-side at Leesthorpe Cross Roads. I had an opportunity of seeing a kind of country which is more associated with this part of Yorkshire, for hounds went to Everingham (Lord Herries). It so happened that my first run in the Holderness was over grass, for there was a fox in one of Lord Herries's coverts which ran across the park. I thought hounds ran very prettily; but they seemed to me to hunt and drive well on the plough. The scent was good enough, for hounds "hunt as well as run," as the Duke of Beaufort used to say, and as we swept at a good pace over a country trying to horses, I understood why the Holderness people ride horses of blood and substance. Eventually, after a run which lasted about twenty-five minutes, our fox went to ground. There was also a really good gallop later, but my ignorance of the country prevents my being able to describe it.

It used to be said that Melton people hated dirt, but there was a good deal of it after the sudden thaw. The friend who watches over the sport in Leicestershire wrote to me as follows: "I had a telegram from my man on Thursday to say the Quorn would be at Rearsby, and as I never miss a day if I can help it, I wired down for him to take out the two horses I like best, as being less likely to kick me off, and prepared to return. In the morning there was a close, impenetrable Leicestershire mist. But nothing short of a frost would have stopped me, and the fog lifted as we jogged on to the meeting-place. Rearsby was the fixture, and there were a fair number of people there. This district is often used for bye-days, the great Friday crowds being rather averse to sport from the small coverts. A good bold fox at Brooksby Spinneys and hounds quickly on the line was a good beginning, while the stern, uncompromising fences and the (for Leicestershire) deep going were all in favour of hounds, which, unpressed, ran well and straight up to and beyond Gaddesby. Then the fox went for Queniborough; there he turned, and, leaving the Barkby Thorpe Spinneys untouched, ran to the Holt. The fox, and I think it was the same, then went back almost fence for fence the line he had come. We followed the hunt more slowly by reason of the impediments of rail, road, and river; we crossed the Wreake, and got to hounds only to find the fox had gone to earth near Hoby Village. In the afternoon the second horses had a fairly easy time. The run I have described was as good as anything we have had in the Quorn country lately." They were fortunate, for the luckless Belvoir field twisted about in the mist trying to find a place where hounds could safely hunt, and had to give it up after all. The fog was too thick, and hounds at last returned to their train. Everything looks well for hunting next week, and as snow generally means scent, we ought to have something good. X.



Photo. SOME OBSTACLES TO HUNTING—THE LARGE NUMBER OF THE FIELD. Copyright

WILD
COUNTRY
LIFE.

FROST AND THE BIRDS.

JANUARY 14TH.—Brief as last week's frost proved, it lasted long enough to leave a mark upon our bird-life. Tits, especially blue tits, may be seen swinging at all hours of the day upon the cocoanut hung out for them, like

pauperised pensioners who have once tasted the joy of getting a livelihood without working for it; and the bullfinches have drawn close to the houses, where their carmine vests rather clash with the robins' red waistcoats. They are just as tame as the robins, too, for the favourite perch of one magnificent cock bullfinch and his Quaker mate is an evergreen close to the most frequented door on the premises. Chaffinches have multiplied in the garden also, and there are three blackbirds and thrushes to one that visited the lawn a fortnight ago.

BRAWLERS AT BREAKFAST.

No doubt the dish of mixed "food for the birds," which is put out daily, has now more to do with this abundance—almost superfluity—of feathered life than the present level of the thermometer; but it was the frost which drove the birds in the first instance within its circle of attraction. It is easy to have too many thrushes and blackbirds accepting your general invitation to "the birds," for they have a bad habit of brawling at breakfast, and a malicious propensity for driving away the very birds you are most glad to see and want to watch. You will find great differences of opinion, even among interested observers of bird-life, as to whether the thrush or the blackbird is the more violent character. The blackbird makes such a fuss over his hostilities that many regard him as the firebrand of the party; but others are equally confident that, when it comes to a question of thrush *versus* blackbird, the former is the more aggressive fighter.

THRUSH *versus* BLACKBIRD.

And if "thrush" includes the missel-thrush, certainly the blackbird cannot challenge comparison either for strength, courage, or pugnacity. The missel-thrush spends most of his life in clearing all birds out of a certain radius, in order that he may have a clear ring to fight the next new comer. But he is a bird of independent spirit, and only cadges for charity at our free breakfast-table when times are very hard. So the thrush which fights with the blackbird every day is usually the song-thrush, and I believe that, other things being equal, the blackbird beats the thrush; but sex is usually the deciding factor. The male thrush can hunt off the female blackbird, but he stands not upon the order of his own going when her yellow-billed husband descends upon the scene. Nor can we blame him, for the magnificent manner in which the male blackbird plumps

salt marsh and fresh marsh, plough land and pasture, root crop and woodland to choose from, and sometimes you see sharp dividing lines between their individual tastes. To-day I passed one large field which the farmer, taking advantage of the enforced idleness of frost-time, had heavily manured. It is not a pleasant place to pass to leeward, but the odour exhilarates the sable crew of rooks and hoodie crows, and from morning till evening that field is black with them. Close by is another large field, where sheep are penned in sections at a time, and the ground is littered with new-dug swedes. Here the gulls are screaming all day, and each passer-by puts up whole hosts of peewits. Go on a little further, and you come to a third large field filled with a standing crop of white turnips, and in every few yards you will put up partridges or a wild pheasant or a hare. But in this field of game you will find neither gull nor plover so long as the sheep-feeding operations continue on the other side of the hedge, and neither the sheepfold and swedes nor the cover of turnips will tempt rook or hoodie crow from the manure. *Chacun a son gout.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. LEHMANN AS COACH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I venture to ask you to correct a slight inaccuracy in your references to me in last Saturday's COUNTRY LIFE. "We cannot," you say "deny ourselves the pleasure of remembering that Mr. Lehmann . . . has been well known as the assiduous coach of the Cambridge eight during many years of sad misfortune." Memory has played you false and has given you a pleasure which the cold facts deny. During the nine years of Cambridge defeats from 1890 to 1898, I coached the eight only in 1892 and 1893, and then for a few days only in each year. It happened that I was in residence at Cambridge at the time, and, as the regular coach of the crew had not arrived, the president asked me to fill the gap at a moment's notice. On the other hand, I coached the

winning Oxford crews either at Oxford or at Putney in 1891, 1892, 1894, 1895, and 1896, and in 1899 I coached the winning Cambridge crew during the absence of Mr. Fletcher. It cannot be true, therefore, highly as I value the intended compliment, that I have been well known, except to imaginative persons, as the assiduous coach of the Cambridge eight during many years of sad misfortune. As I consider that politics and sport are best kept apart. I abstain from drawing any inferences adverse to your own from the facts I have stated. I have called your attention to them merely because I think that in matters of sport COUNTRY LIFE ought to be—as it usually is—accurate.—R. C. LEHMANN.

[We apologise.—Ed.]

RIDING DOWN A WOLF.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—With reference to the above correspondence, I write to say that near Saugor, C.I.P., I was present with three other members of the Station Tent Club, in January, 1868, when a wolf was put up and fairly ridden down, the spear being taken by the late General Sir William Turner, who, with his wife, Lieutenant Douglas, and myself, made up the party. This

wolf was neither wounded nor showed any signs of being gorged—he was simply hustled and galloped down, from start to finish, after a run of about three miles in open, grass country.—WILLIAM CONOLLY, Junior United Service Club.

SHOWY WHITE BEDDING ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a great fondness for white roses, and desire to raise them in some of my beds. I believe that it is quite time that the plants were in the ground, at least my gardener says so, so if you would as soon as possible give me the names of a few of the best varieties, I should be obliged.—V.

[Yes, your gardener is quite right. Some of the showiest bedding white roses occur amongst the hybrid perpetuals and hybrid noisettes, two of the best being *Baronne de Maynard* and *Mme. Fanny de Forest*. The first-named entirely eclipses *Boule de Neige*. There are fewer malformed flowers, and they are without the red marking that some object to in the *Boule de Neige*. *Mme. Fanny de Forest* is a gem, splendid either as a bedder or as a pot rose; the flower is very pure. Near large towns *Coquette des Blanchés* would be the best to grow. It is very vigorous, very free, and altogether a capital white kind, but not quite so showy as the two last-named. For splendid massiveness none can equal *Merveille de Lyon* and *Merveille des Blanchés*. There is quite sufficient distinction to justify the two names, although some thought otherwise when the latter appeared. *Merveille de Lyon* is so perfect as to appear unnatural. As with all the true hybrid perpetuals, we do not obtain that profusion at one time as we do with the hybrid noisettes and hybrid Bourbons. *Mabel Morrison* to some individuals is even more beautiful than *Merveille de Lyon*. It has a charming flower, little more than semi-double. *Margaret Dickson* is well known as one of our best almost pure white hybrid perpetuals. There are many white kinds among the tea-scented, but only one or two are suitable for bedding. Of these the best is the *Hon. Edith Gifford*, but it is not snowy white. However, it is a beautiful rose, and the plant grows well. *Souvenir de S. A. Prince* is, perhaps, the best white tea for outdoors, but it has the bad quality of hanging its head. *Sombrieux*, although old, is hard to beat, both for its growth and beautiful flowers. *White Bougere* is a very good kind for bedding, as one might expect when remembering the old variety from which it sported. Of the hybrid teas, *White Lady* is by far the best. If one can imagine huge magnolias on plants a foot or two from the ground, they can form some idea of this magnificent rose,



Photo.

IN FULL CRY.

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himself down within charging distance, and straightway charges, is calculated to intimidate any bird of lesser fighting weight.

SPARROWS NOT QUARRELSOME.

Watching the quarrels of these so-called "soft-billed" birds—though with an angry blackbird in your hand you will think the name is singularly inappropriate—leads to the conclusion that we malign the house sparrow when we dub him quarrelsome. He makes a most indecent noise over his faction fights, it is true, but any day in the year you may see scores and scores of sparrows feeding peacefully together, with never so much as an angry word to mar the thievish harmony. But ro-ins cannot say "Good Morning" to each other without fisticuffs, and although you may see half-a-dozen sparrows vociferously chasing a greedy friend who has carried off a whole crust, and their matrimonial squabbles are terrible, you do not observe them, like blackbirds and thrushes, make the possession of each crumb a *casus belli*. We have, indeed, much to be thankful for that the sparrows are not quarrelsome; if they were, we should soon be driven mad.

WILDFOWL NUMEROUS.

Further afield the effects of the frost are still as visible as in the garden. On the salt marshes water-fowl of all kinds have quadrupled their numbers, and the great black-backed gull is more freely sprinkled among the sea birds that seek a living on the land; a handsome villain he is, with a mocking cry that suits his character. Besides being more numerous, all the commoner shore birds, larks, plovers, and redshanks, are much more tame, and the curlews, no longer feeding in one or two small flocks, can easily be collected from all sides by an imitative whistler. Too many herons have allowed themselves to venture within reach of the shot-gun, and besides the wild geese and ducks, mergansers have had reason to regret venturing into the shallows. A merganser is worth handling when you have the opportunity, if only to feel the cunning row of back-turned teeth with which each side of his beak is fringed. If anyone wants an idea for a patent pair of nippers for catching and holding eels, let him send a specification and drawings of a merganser's beak to Chancery Lane. No rival could improve upon it.

TASTES DIFFER.

But, though the strong East wind that brought the frost brought the birds with it to our British coasts, the open weather following has not permitted our shore gunners to massacre huddled migrants wholesale, as they do when starvation drives them to close feeding grounds. The birds have the whole extent of

It is always one of the earliest to bloom of what we may call the show roses. From the Bourbons there are two kinds especially good, one of them a sport from *Souvenir de la Malmaison*, and named *Kronprinzessin Victoria*, and the other *Purity*. The former is first-rate, indeed rosarians cannot be sufficiently acquainted with it, or it would be in great demand. Although *Purity* resembles too much a variety already well known, namely, *Souvenir de Mme. Eugene Verdier*, it is yet a useful rose, being a half-climber. From the China roses we should select *Ducher*, an excellent white and very prolific, and *Little White Pet*, a replica in dwarf form of *Felicité-Perpetue*, only in this case it is perpetual. Perhaps for planting in large masses the polyantha *Anne Marie de Montravel* will still be much used.—ED.]

PROGRESSIVE FALCONRY.

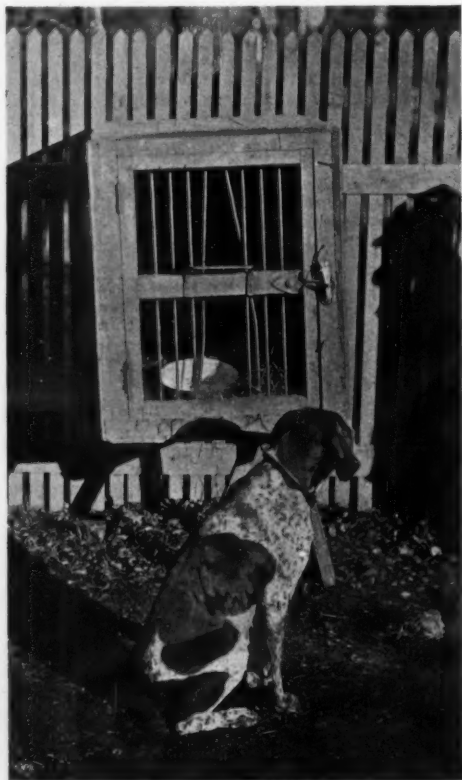
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think I can best give the explanations asked for in your note to my second letter on "Progressive Falconry" by explaining in detail what I should expect to be the result of the plan suggested by myself. First, however, let me say that, though I have considerable confidence in the plan I have suggested, I am perfectly aware that in any wholly untried experiment the result may be entirely different from that indicated by theory; and it might happen that my plan would only result, as you think it would, in first spoiling hawks and then losing them. Be this as it may, I will now endeavour to show why I should expect an entirely different result. The first thing I aim at is to have a *taque* falcon in tip-top condition, hence the use of the motor-car, for this should permit of the giving of plenty of exercise at a high rate of speed, and I do not know of any other way in which this could be done. By using eyesses they could be accustomed gradually to the motor-car, and trained to fly with it by means of a long light creance of braided silk. Later on, after they had become thoroughly accustomed to the exercise and to being fed at the end of the flight with freshly-killed food, they would follow the car of their own accord and could be flown free. Exercise at the lure should come next, and this I would continue until a young falcon had become expert at stooping, and from as great a pitch as possible. I would have the motor-car always finish its run at home, the exercise flights ending there, so that the falcons, in case of straying, should return to be fed. Now the success or failure of this plan obviously depends upon two things—first, the inherited instinct to seek and kill quarry; second, the acquired habit of looking to man for food. The reason why I should expect success is very simple indeed, and is merely a special case of the operation of the principle of least action. The motor-car-trained eyesses would have no fear of man, but would have learned by experience that food, and of the best, could be had with much less effort than by killing wild birds, and this is why I should expect lost hawks to be a rare occurrence with my plan. I should expect them when loose to seek the mews as soon as they began to feel very hungry. In conclusion, I will again call attention to the most important features of my plan, viz., that the growing eyess should be reared in the highest possible condition, and accustomed to look to the falconer for food. If the inherited instinct proved stronger than the acquired habit, then indeed my plan would have just the result foreseen by yourself. I think, however, that the acquired habit would prevail. Well-conducted experiments could alone determine the result.—HORATIO S. GREENOUGH.

A POINTER'S EXPLOIT.

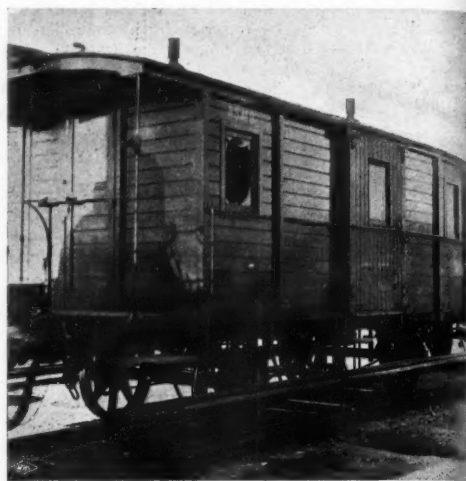
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the following wonderful adventure of a dog might interest your readers. On December 5th my husband's German pointer bitch, *Diana-Kwasney*, was placed in a dog's travelling box (which was then apparently in good condition), and despatched by train to Moravia. German pointers are about the same size as the English pointer, but of a heavier build, and are very popular in Austria, as they point and retrieve and are good all-round dogs. *Diana* is a very valuable dog and a prize-winner. The slow train which leaves *Kwasney* reaches its first station, *Rychnov*, in about fifteen minutes; *Diana* had been put into the guard's van. The guard, who happened not to be in that compartment



of his van in which the dog's box had been placed, soon heard *Diana* making an awful noise next door. He is, however, of a very timid nature, and, as he subsequently confessed to me, did not dare venture in to see what was going on. It was not until after he had heard a crash of glass, followed by absolute silence, that he summoned up sufficient courage to peep in, and to ascertain that the dog had vanished. The barred window was smashed, and one bar bent slightly on one side. The door of the travelling box was still firmly secured, but two of the iron bars had been wrenched out of their sockets at the bottom of the box, and *Diana's* collar lay on the floor of the

van. We only heard of what had happened when the train came back to *Kwasney* at seven o'clock; the dog had been despatched at half-past four. The railway authorities assured us that *Diana* must be dead, as the crash of glass was heard just as the train was passing by a steep ravine. We ourselves did not have much hope, but we nevertheless sent servants out to try to find some trace of our poor dog. It was a moonlight



night, and they searched all along the line, but could not discover the slightest clue. We felt puzzled, and began to suspect that she had been stolen, although sporting dogs are not much sought after in these parts. Perhaps the whole story was a hoax; the window could easily have been broken by the thief, we thought. However, the next morning our kennelman carefully examined the guard's van, and found some of *Diana's* hairs still adhering to the broken pane; he also found marks of her paws on a leather chair, which, together with a table near the window, formed the so-called furniture of the van. The table was covered with scratches, due to the struggle the dog must have had whilst endeavouring to get out of the barred window. After this report we began to feel more hopeful, and continued the search. In the afternoon of the second day we received a wire from the Mayor of *Rychnov* informing us that the police were driving *Diana* towards *Kwasney* along the railway line. We at once, despite the pelting rain, set forth ourselves with some servants and the gamekeeper who, anxious for a little excitement, begged to be of our party, and we tramped along for hours, whistling and calling in vain for *Diana*. It proved a wild-goose chase, and we came home sadder, wiser, and wetter. On the morning of the third day our kennelman started off again, searching and whistling, when suddenly *Diana* ran up to him and seemed quite frantic with joy. Beyond a cut several inches long, inside her right ear, she seemed unhurt, though somewhat emaciated. In order to prove the possibility of the whole affair I had the bars of her travelling box fixed in again, and had *Diana* placed inside the box and left to herself. She immediately, and evidently still thinking of the glass window, began pawing through the bars. She then seized one of the bars with her teeth and wrenched it out of its socket, repeating this with the other bar, and finally proceeded to wriggle out of the box. I therefore suppose that, after getting out of the box, she got on to the table, first smashed the window, and then wriggled out of it. In one of my photographs *Diana* is seen sitting in front of the box, the bars of which are placed, as they were found after her escape (she wriggled through the lower half of the door). My other photograph shows the broken window in the guard's van, and the height from which *Diana* managed to alight while the train was in motion. The feat, remarkable in itself, becomes all the more so when you consider that the whole thing was achieved within a quarter of an hour.—(BARONESS) ROSE KÖNIGSWARTER, Schloss *Kwasney*, Bohemia.

LATE BUTTERFLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having seen a note in one of your columns about late butterflies—I think it was in October—may I ask you whether the following facts are worth publishing? I was shooting on November 3rd, and the keeper was with me, and we saw a lovely sulphur-coloured butterfly on a thorn bush, so I mentioned the note I had seen, and caught the butterfly. This was in Carmarthenshire. Now I happened to be in Pembrokeshire, at Haverfordwest, and in one of the streets I caught a tortoiseshell butterfly on the pavement on December 12th. I was hunting the next day, and saw another one. I was shooting on December 31st, again in Carmarthenshire, and I caught a lovely specimen of the Peacock. It is a curious coincidence that when I caught the tortoiseshell in Pembrokeshire my keeper was trying to catch one for me almost at the same time in Carmarthenshire. I caught mine at 12.45, and he was chasing his at about 12.50. If you would care to see these butterflies I shall be very pleased to send them to you, as I have kept them most carefully, with the date and name of place where caught.—A. W. JACKSON.

A COCKATOO FRATERNISING WITH ROOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Knowing that your beautiful and interesting paper circulates in this county, and that there are many lovers of Nature therein, perhaps it may be of sufficient interest to record the fact that for the past month or six weeks a cockatoo has frequently been seen about the meadows feeding with her, or his, sable companions, on what food it would be most interesting to discover, and might possibly be of advantage to know, for the benefit of keepers of birds in confinement; but to make sure, it would involve the death of the bird and a post-mortem of the contents of the stomach. I have frequently shot rooks for this purpose, and have been requested to shoot the cockatoo by a farmer on whose meadows it feeds, out of curiosity, I suppose, but this I decline to carry out, as I feel much interested to know that it finds sustenance in this country apparently as suitable as in its native place, wherever that may be. No doubt it has escaped from captivity, as it has about a yard of string on its leg, and it will probably interest the late owner to know that it still survives. At intervals it is not seen for weeks, and this I account for from the fact that for the greater part of the year rooks from the various rookeries in districts congregate at night in centres, particularly in a wood, where thousands roost, on the *Ragley* estate of the Marquess of Hertford in Warwickshire. It is very probable that the cockatoo goes off with other company in the mornings and that it is seen in various places over a wide area, so that it should be additionally interesting if others have noticed the fact and would write and report the localities in which it may have been noticed.—JAMES HIAM, Astwood Bank, Worcestershire.